The Outlook

Vol. 73 February 14, 1903 No. 7

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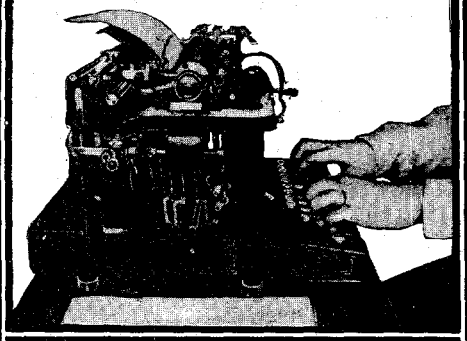

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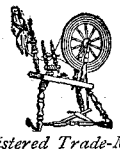

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The Outlook

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The Statehood Bill

The development last week of the proposal to admit New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and possibly Indian Territory as States showed indications that Senator Quay, the sponsor for the Omnibus State Bill, would consent to a compromise. This compromise, so it was indicated, might take the form of the admission of the above-named four Territories as two States, Arizona being united with New Mexico, and Oklahoma with Indian Territory. In this way unquestionably some objections of the opponents of the bill would be met. On the other hand, new and very serious objections would be raised. In the first place, whereas the admission of the separate Territories could not be altogether a partisan measure, the combination would be far more certainly so. Republican dominance would seem to be assured, at least for the present. For this reason the Democratic supporters of Senator Quay have not responded gladly to the proposal. Furthermore, "the string attached" to the compromise is a promise that Arizona should be granted admission as a separate State as soon as its population reaches 300,000. Such a promise is perilously like an attempt to tie the hands of future sessions of Congress. When the time for the admission of Arizona comes, the question ought to be decided upon contemporaneous conditions and not upon the anticipations of Congressmen of other times. Opposition on this ground is sure to be developed. Most significant of all, however, is that opposition, stimulated by the proposed compromise, which is grounded on Mormon influence in New Mexico and Arizona. The testimony on this subject was most pronounced and most serious. This testimony was given by Democratic Senators from Utah, Idaho, and Colorado, and was to the effect that no Mormon would run for political office without the consent of the First Presidency of the "Church." Although this testimony was given in part to show that polygamists could be eliminated from politics by the authority of this huge religio-political machine, it was, as Senator Hale remarked, interesting, valuable, and startling, through bringing to light "the conditions that obtain where the Mormon Church has secured its lodgment." Last week's debate was useful if for no other reason than because it made clear that vigorous opposition to the Omnibus Statehood Bill, even in compromise form, should be continued.

❀

The Anti-Trust Bills

Without debate the Senate accepted the Elkins amendment to the Department of Commerce Bill, embodying that measure of trust regulation acceptable to the larger trusts; and with hardly more than a day's debate the House adopted the Littlefield bill, embodying a larger measure of Government control for monopolies and attempts to secure monopoly. We have been unable to secure from its author the text of the Elkins bill. The Littlefield bill as finally reported by the Judiciary Committee and passed by the House is less radical than the measure as introduced. It does not penalize the over-capitalization of trusts, although it provides for a pretty searching public examination of their affairs. In explanation of the change made, Mr. Littlefield said in the debate that to penalize over-capitalization might produce a panic, but that to require publicity would be to acquaint the people with the facts, and the evils of over-capitalization would gradually be corrected. Apart from the publicity provisions, the most important clause in the act is Section 6, providing that no corporation receiving

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rebates or attempting to monopolize business in any locality by discrimination in prices "shall use either directly or indirectly any of the facilities or instrumentalities of inter-State commerce" for the purpose of facilitating its business "with such intent." This section is supplemented by the one following, which prohibits inter-State railroads from knowingly transporting goods produced or sold in violation of the pending act or the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890. In the debate upon the bill Chairman Jenkins, of the Judiciary Committee, declared his belief that Section 6 was unconstitutional, and that the control of Congress over commerce was limited to distinctively inter-State transactions and did not reach within the territory of any State. The bill, however, as the majority of the Committee point out in their report, does not assume that Congress has the power directly to prohibit attempts at monopoly within any State. Any State may charter all the monopolies it pleases to serve its own people. The bill merely says to the monopolies, "'While we cannot control your illegal act within the State, you shall not use the instrumentalities of inter-State commerce in aid thereof.'" In reply to Democratic questioning, even Chairman Jenkins admitted that the taxing power of the Government reached everywhere and might be invoked to suppress undesirable corporations, just as it has already been used to suppress the note issues of State banks. The Democratic attacks upon the bill were practically limited to its alleged sins of omission. The bill did not, it was said, contain any provision to prevent monopoly extortion by removing the tariff from monopoly products, it did not aim to prevent monopoly by invoking the tax powers or the bankruptcy powers of the National Government, and it did not make the corporations amenable to the local courts as individuals were. "The Republican party," said Mr. De Armond, of Missouri, "will go far enough to satisfy the people that it seeks to do something for the people's good, but not far enough to hurt the people's enemy." The country, however, will congratulate itself if it secures the enactment into law of as good a measure as the Littlefield bill. Fortunately, the Department of Commerce Bill as amended in conference at the instance of Senator Nelson contains provisions for publicity which are considered of the highest importance by friends of trust regulation, and which keep the two houses from being so far apart in their present attitude as they seemed a fortnight ago. There is therefore reason to believe that some measure will be agreed upon by both houses embodying practically all of the provisions recommended by Attorney-General Knox.

❀

The Naval Bill

"If you look at the navy in the right way, it is the rate of insurance that the country pays in order to get prompt and punctual delivery of its water-bound commerce. If the navy isn't for the rate of insurance and isn't for defense, then it is odious." These true words were spoken last week by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford at the dinner of the Pilgrims in New York City; and they will find an answering echo everywhere. If the object of the United States in increasing and strengthening the navy were to establish international political rivalry with other countries (in addition to the commendable commercial rivalry already established), then the policy of such an increase would be wrong; but if the necessity of policing the ocean is more and more evident, then there should be a corresponding augmentation of our navy. In other words, the spirit which should animate the officers and men of the navy, the legislators in Congress, and American citizens in general, should be a spirit of construction, not of destruction. Our navy exists not only for the defense of our interests, but also, in properly defending them, to build up, to preserve, and to cement international friendliness, not to destroy it. It is in this spirit, we believe, that the House Committee on Naval Affairs has completed a bill which is now ready for action by Congress. The bill carries appropriations aggregating $78,000,000, $30,000,000 of which is for new construction. No provision is made for submarine boats. The new construction comprises three battle-ships, one armored cruiser, two steel training-ships, and one wooden brig. Perhaps the most notable feature, however, is a proposition to double the number of cadets at Annapolis; the limit of maintenance of the Academy

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is also increased from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000, and ten additional civilian officers are authorized. Other features comprise the establishment of a naval station on the Great Lakes, and an increase of the Marine Corps by 800 men and 65 officers; last year this corps was increased by a similar number. It is probable that any opposition to this programme will be greatly diminished, as sentiment among Senators and Representatives on the subject of naval increase has undergone a radical change since the present Venezuelan difficulty arose and our duties as to South America have been under discussion.

❀

The Senate and Mr. Byrne We are glad to record that the Senate Committee has refused to recommend the confirmation of Mr. Byrne as United States District Attorney for Delaware. There were three grounds of opposition to his appointment: (1) That he was an Addicks man, and his appointment would be regarded as distinctly an indorsement of the Addicks faction; (2) that his accepting a nomination against the Regular Republican nomination, and by so doing dividing the Republican vote and so insuring the Republican defeat in the Congressional election, was an act distinctly disloyal to the Republican party; (3) that his previous record as United States District Attorney was not such as to give promise of his efficient conduct of this office, and his appointment was not approved by the best legal talent in the State. It is possible that a fight may be made in the Senate to confirm his appointment in spite of the report of the Committee; but, in our judgment, the best thing the friends and supporters of the President can do is to vote to confirm the action of the Committee, and so open the way for the President, by a new appointment, to correct the most serious, if not indeed the only serious, mistake that he has thus far made in the always difficult task of Federal appointments. In view of the opposition to Mr. Byrne, of the National opposition to Mr. Addicks whom he represents, and of the revelations concerning Mr. Addicks's methods, of which Mr. Byrne could hardly have been ignorant, we cannot but think that the President would do both the wise and strong thing were he to withdraw the nomination without waiting for the final action of the Senate.

❀

The Addicks Withdrawal Mr. Addicks last Thursday made an announcement to his supporters in the Delaware Legislature—known as the Union Republicans—in which he declared publicly his withdrawal as a candidate before the Legislature for the office of United States Senator. The withdrawal was made, however, upon the express condition that a Republican caucus should be held, "to be participated in by all of the Republican members of the General Assembly, and the selection of two candidates for the Senate of the United States by majority rule of said caucus." This withdrawal of Mr. Addicks from the Senatorial contest in Delaware ought to mislead no one who is familiar with the man or his methods, and, we are glad to say, has not misled those faithful citizens of the State who, representing its best sentiment, have been bravely and persistently, and so far successfully, fighting Mr. Addicks for fourteen years. It is believed by those who thoroughly know the political situation in Delaware that the Addicks withdrawal is a shrewd move on his part to offset the opposition to him in the United States Senate indicated by the unfavorable report in the Byrne case. Mr. Addicks is justifiably suspected of hoping to pose in the eyes of Republicans in the United States Senate as having offered a sacrifice of his own personal aspirations for the sake of party unity and party success. The United States Senators, to whom he is making this appeal, are not children in politics to be deceived by any such stage-play. As Mr. Kennan shows in this week's Outlook, Mr. Addicks has betrayed the regular Republican nominations in Delaware whenever it suited his purpose and pleasure to "knife" the candidates. On this ground alone—aside from his personal character—we should suppose that sincere and honest believers in party loyalty like Senator Hanna would vigorously oppose him. But apparently a million-dollar "mugwump," who is a "mugwump" for personal ambition, is not so bad from the partisan point of view as the honest but mistaken "mugwump" who, without a corruption fund at

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his command, opposes party nominations on what he thinks are moral grounds.

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What It Means The condition that the Regular Republicans unite with the Addicks Republicans in a joint caucus, electing two Senators by a majority vote, of course means that two Senators of Mr. Addicks's choice could be, and undoubtedly would be, elected. One of these Senatorial dummies could resign his seat on account of—let us say—a sudden illness. Governor Hunn, who is an ardent supporter of Mr. Addicks, could then appoint Mr. Addicks for the unexpired term. In case of such appointment, the corruption employed by him in preceding elections would constitute no legitimate ground for his rejection by the Senate, since that corruption would not have directly contributed to his appointment. We think, however, that such a "vindication" would not satisfy Mr. Addicks, and that he would pursue the shrewder plan of permitting the two Addicks Senators to fill out their terms. As Senators they would control the Federal patronage in Delaware, and by its means could immensely strengthen Mr. Addicks's political position, even without the aid of corruption, and he could thus practically assure himself of election in 1905. Apart, however, from this probable issue to Mr. Addicks's proposal, it ought to be promptly rejected by the anti-Addicks forces in Delaware, for their object should be the overthrow not merely of Mr. Addicks but of all that he represents. Mr. Addicks, in his own statement issued last week in Delaware, says that he has been a candidate for Senatorial election for fourteen years. Mr. Kennan in his article in this week's Outlook shows that fourteen years ago Mr. Addicks came into the State practically unknown. He had never held an office. He had not been so much as chairman of the County Committee. A practical stranger, without any political connection whatever with either party, he began at once, with what seemed then to his contemporaries and still seems to us unparalleled effrontery, to work for the Delaware Senatorship. What would Senator Hanna say as to party regularity if a Pennsylvanian, unknown in Ohio, never having held the simplest political office in that State, practically not being a voter, and actually having his domicile in Pennsylvania, should announce to the party leaders that he was candidate for the United States Senatorship from Ohio? "Practical" politicians are fond of poking fun—sometimes, we must admit, justifiable fun—at the visionary projects of the reformers. If any one can point out to us a more visionary project than that of Mr. Addicks when it was first promulgated in 1889, we should be glad to know about it; there is not a practical politician in any State in the Union who would not to-day ridicule such a scheme as he initiated fourteen years ago, if it were not for the corruption fund with which he has contaminated Delaware and is likely to contaminate the entire country through the United States Senate, unless he is thwarted. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions as to the ethical and moral questions involved in Mr. Addicks's career as vividly portrayed by Mr. Kennan, and content ourselves at this moment with asking the leaders of the Republican party of the United States whether, on mere grounds of political expediency, regularity, and loyalty, he ought not to be summarily rejected as a traitor to the party, its officers, and its candidates.

❀

The Venezuelan Situation The net result of last week's earnest and sometimes heated discussion over the exchange of offers for the immediate arrangement of the claims of the allies against Venezuela was a proposition from the allies to President Roosevelt that he should act as arbitrator on the question of giving preferential treatment to the claims of the allies as against those of other nations; but the President, after considering the matter carefully, declined courteously to assume this position, and intimated to the diplomats that their best course was to refer this point to the Hague Tribunal. At the end of the week the prospect seemed to be favorable to the adoption of the President's recommendations. It is hoped that within a few days protocols will be signed between the representatives of the nations concerned; that the blockade of Venezuelan ports will be raised; and that preparations will go forward for the submission of all matters

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now in dispute to the Hague Tribunal. This course is one that may be heartily approved, not only as a fair and reasonable way of settling the controversy, but because it adds weight and standing to the Hague Tribunal as a permanent and recognized authority before which such matters may be placed almost as a matter of course. So far as there was any disagreeable feature in the negotiations last week, it appears to have grown out of the fact that Mr. Bowen (who, it must be remembered, acts purely and solely as the representative of Venezuela), in rejecting the proposition of the allies that thirty per cent. of the customs duty be reserved for the allies' claims and ten per cent. for the claims of other nations, expressed to the British Ambassador his surprise that Great Britain should be willing to adopt a course which Mr. Bowen seemed to think would result in a long continuance of the alliance between Germany and Great Britain; properly, as it seems to us, Mr. Herbert considered this out of order and showed his resentment. The unpleasant incident, however, was quickly adjusted, and there seems to be no doubt that the accredited representative of Venezuela can now act with the diplomatic representatives of the allies under satisfactory conditions.

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Vermont for Local Option

The country as well as the State is to be congratulated on the election in Vermont, in which, by a small majority, prohibition has been voted down and the policy of high license and local option has been substituted. Small as is the majority, it is about the same as that by which prohibition was established in 1852. It is reported that the rural vote was in favor of retaining, and the town vote for the change. There is no one method of legal enactment respecting the sale of liquor which works equally well in all communities; but, in our judgment, a wide experience, extending over many States and for many years, has proved that the policy of State prohibition is morally disadvantageous to the community. It does to some extent close the open saloons, but it promotes secret drinking-places; excites the spirit of lawlessness; leads communities to think that they are virtuous because they have incorporated virtue in a statute; tends to public corruption and blackmail; and in these and other ways pays far too great a price for what is too often the appearance rather than the reality of total abstinence. A minimum license fee fixed by statute, with local option by towns and villages, and possibly—though this experiment has yet to be tried—by wards in the larger cities, gives far more promise of practical results than prohibition. It has been suggested that the Vermont Legislature may direct that the sums received from excise fees shall be expended in temperance coffee-houses, reading-rooms, homes and cures for inebriates, and the like. There are two advantages in this scheme: one that it will prevent local communities from voting for license in order to reduce their general taxes, the other that it will tend to attract from the saloons, where they exist, by setting up alongside of the saloon counter-attractions. We hope that this experiment may have a trial.

❀

Governor Pennypacker's Independence

Judge Pennypacker, who was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania on January 20, has succeeded thus far in stirring up no small amount of trouble in Pennsylvania, mainly because he realizes and acts upon the realization that he is Governor of the State and not of the Republican organization or influential politicians. This is in striking and refreshing contrast to the conduct of his predecessor, who did nothing against the wishes of the "organization," and who left office with a record of subserviency to political and corporate interests unequaled in the annals of the State. Governor Pennypacker started out by appointing as his Attorney-General Hampton L. Carson, who three years ago argued against Mr. Quay's admission to the United States Senate on the strength of Governor Stone's appointment. Mr. Carson is not only a lawyer of prominence and ability, but has a record for independence that makes him all the more objectionable to the politicians. Then the Governor refused to reappoint the Secretary of the Commonwealth and one or two other prominent officials because of their identification with the notorious Stone administration. On the other

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hand, he has refrained from making sweeping removals of the subordinates. The Harrisburg "Patriot" quotes him to the effect that he has "no notion of making wholesale removals or of disturbing faithful employees." This is a departure from custom, as at the beginning of each new administration, whether Republican or Democratic, there have been a large number of changes made purely for partisan or factional reasons. Governor Pennypacker was at one time actively identified with the Civil Service Reform movement, and thus far he has shown himself to be true to his early advocacy. As the Philadelphia "Record" (a Democratic paper) puts it, "Governor Pennypacker's recognition of Civil Service Reform is a departure in Pennsylvania from which there is not likely to be a reaction." Moreover, the Governor entertains what has been for some years an unpopular belief—the opinion that Constitutional mandates should be obeyed. The present Constitution provides that there shall be a legislative reapportionment every ten years (just after the taking of the Federal Census), but there has been no reapportionment in Pennsylvania since 1884. So the Governor, much to the surprise of the politicians, has insisted that the subject must be taken up and acted upon. Then, again, he has returned all railroad passes, and on the third day after taking the oath of office refused to approve certain charters because the character and purposes of the proposed corporations were not definitely disclosed. Both of these proceedings are almost if not entirely unique in the annals of the State. And yet, with all this exhibition of independence, which is undoubtedly genuine, and this sincere regard for his oath of office, Governor Pennypacker has not abated one iota his admiration of Senator Quay!

❀

The Coal Situation

The coal famine has been sensibly relieved during the past fortnight by the increased activity at the mines and on the railroads, by the decreased domestic consumption due to the milder weather, and also by the foreign purchases of coal. These last do not aggregate any great amount in comparison with the total quantity of coal consumed, but they have helped materially to lessen the shortage which created the panic. For instance, the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad engaged from abroad over one hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal—a small amount compared with the two hundred and fifty million or more tons consumed by the country, yet sufficient to furnish nearly a month's supply of coal to all the homes in Connecticut. Similarly, in Montana one of the great railroads brought in coal supplies from Canada, and these foreign purchases have sensibly relieved the local famine and more sensibly relieved the local fear of famine. Of course all such purchases have been facilitated by the repeal of the duty on coal. At the Strike Commission's hearings at Scranton, Judge Gray sharply criticised the union for restricting production by limiting the hours of labor of its members, and Mr. Darrow, the miners' attorney, sharply criticised the companies for restricting production by agreeing among themselves as to how much coal each should put upon the market. Judge Gray seems to have defended the coal companies by urging that the supply of coal ought not to be wastefully used, but should be husbanded for future generations. Mr. Darrow said that the coal supply was just as well husbanded by the efforts of men to prevent excessive hours of toil. Most of the controversies last week were over wages, the miners introducing testimony to show that the company books did not contain the names of many of the mine workers who were in the employ of the contract miners. Apparently there is no way of getting at the average wages except by getting the total wages paid by all the companies, and dividing it by the number of mine workers in the anthracite district, as shown by the census returns. In the bituminous district there is now some fear of future trouble. The miners insist upon still another advance in wages to correspond with the advancing price of coal. The operators seem disposed to grant ten per cent., but they will have public sympathy in refusing to grant more. The soft-coal miners have obtained something like a forty per cent. advance during the past few years, and while their condition was undoubtedly hard before these advances took place, they seem now to be fairly

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well paid. Up to a certain point higher wages mean more efficient labor and better machinery, so that the cost of production is not sensibly increased, but this point is easily passed. The public might easily be not only the chief but the only loser from an agreement between the organized operators and organized operatives to advance wages and prices at the same time. The public is now in greater danger from extortion than the miners are of oppression.

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The Waterbury Rioting The Waterbury trolley strike, which was the occasion of a riot calling for the presence of State troops to preserve order, grew out of the discharge of the president of the trolley employees' union, and two other members thereof, for entering a saloon in their uniforms. There is no doubt that the offense was in violation of a rule of the company, and of an eminently desirable rule. The union, however, regarded the enforcement of the rule in the case of these three men as an act of hostility toward their union. Unionism, they claimed, was the cause, and tippling merely the pretext, for the company's action. They therefore struck, and demanded that the company should arbitrate the matter in dispute, as the condition of their return to work. The company, which is not merely a local one, but extends its lines throughout the State, refused to accept the proposal, and engaged non-union men, chiefly from other cities, to man its cars. In Waterbury itself four-fifths of the people sympathized with remarkable uniformity with the strikers, and even among the well-to-do the corporation, owned chiefly by non-resident capitalists, had no more than the usual popularity of absentee landlords. As a result it may be said that the city was on the side of the strikers during the first week of the tie-up. The strikers themselves promoted this public sympathy by issuing a proclamation against disorder, and by wearing badges bearing the words: "Friends, use no violence. It hurts our cause." On Saturday night, however, when the streets were thronged, a car manned by non-union men was attacked, and before midnight the city was the scene of wild disorder. As the Waterbury "Evening American" of the following Monday expressed it, the crowd, which "was in appearance rather well dressed, intelligent, American," had become a "brutalized, cruel, animal mob, which craved destruction and felt fierce joy in the sufferings of a human being under its boot-heels." Among the persons arrested for rioting that night, not one, according to the police court reports, was a striker; but the strikers did not earnestly work or even speak to hold back the mob. The Governor of the State was appealed to by the sheriff to send a small number of troops, and he sent a regiment. The number and the handling of these troops was the occasion of local criticism, but general order was preserved during the next five days, and the stoning of cars did not again become at all epidemic until the troops were withdrawn on Friday of last week. That all of this disorder should have occurred in a city of the character and intelligence of Waterbury indicates that the industrial war spirit is by no means confined to the immigrant or ignorant working classes. Wherever the employing corporation is a monopoly, the working classes seem to take *en masse* the side of the strikers, and to condone almost any means employed to worst the monopoly. The way to reach this growing evil is to extend the legal means of requiring employers and their employees to deal fairly with each other and with the public, and at the same time, both by moral suasion and by legal prosecutions, to teach all classes that the law must and shall be upheld.

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Freight Congestion Not only has New York City outgrown its transportation facilities, but the whole country is now suffering from what might be termed a trackage, locomotive, and car famine. For many weeks, east and west of Pittsburg, the accumulation of freight has been so remarkable as to lead to a decision to build an entirely new line eastward from that point; and has also emphasized the demand of most Pittsburg citizens for an entrance of the Wabash Railway into their city. New York and other places in the East have been suffering seriously because of the lack of coal, and some of the suffering is due to this breakdown in transportation facilities. There is now some slight dan-

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ger that the East may yet suffer from the lack of another necessary of life. While in nearly every State there are flour-mills capable of supplying all of that commodity needed for some time to come, the wholesale price of flour has already advanced a little because of the notably diminishing stock on hand, due to the fact that the Western roads are unable to handle the great quantity of freight which they have contracted to carry. Usually there are five hundred thousand barrels of flour on hand in New York City; but at this writing there are only one hundred and fifty thousand. Fortunately, there has been hardly any complaint from the bakers as yet; the barrel price has not been raised sufficiently to affect them very seriously. The result of existing conditions as to trackage, locomotives, and cars should mean a great impetus throughout 1903 in railway-building and in the industries which have to do with railway equipment.

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The Crisis in Macedonia

Last week the financial and commercial exchanges of the European capitals were not more disturbed by Venezuelan than by Macedonian rumors. A war-cloud on account of the Balkan question has been a well-nigh perennial thing, and the world at large has fallen into the habit of regarding it with indifference. When, during the past few weeks, we have read, therefore, that a formidable insurrection against the Turks was expected in the early spring, we have remembered that similar predictions have been made every year, and hence have not been unduly disquieted. It should be noted, nevertheless, that not since the preliminary stages of the Russo-Turkish War in 1887 have these predictions been made with equal confidence. The ultimate cause is, of course, the atrocious misgovernment of the Sultan, but the proximate cause is the outrageous propaganda of the Bulgarian Macedonian Committee, who instigate a kind of patriot-brigandage—blackmail, incendiarism, mosque desecration, murder. The professed object of the Committee is to raise funds, to acquire proselytes, to destroy the most influential members of the rival races in Macedonia, especially the Greeks, and to instigate violence and reprisals by the Turks. For this purpose the entire province has been divided into a number of districts, each being under the control of a secret local committee, consisting mainly of schoolmasters, doctors, and Bulgarian priests. In districts where there are no revolutionary adherents the natives have been stirred up and armed bands formed by persuasion, intimidation, or the spectacle of murder. In view of this Bulgarian propaganda, the statement of the Bulgarian Government last week was of interest. In the course of a debate in the Sobranje (or Parliament) the Prime Minister said that if the circulars of the Macedonian Committee overstepped legal limits his Government would certainly take action. The Premier knows as well as any one, however, that he has no power to prevent Bulgarians from crossing the frontier and making common cause with genuine Macedonian revolutionists. Indeed, we can hardly dissociate the policy of the Macedonian Committee from the policy of Prince Ferdinand; the Committee is all-powerful in Bulgaria, and the present unworthy occupant of the throne there dares not go counter to its propaganda. The Committee has undoubtedly made it well worth his while not to go counter to it; he expects to see the province of Macedonia added to his principality, and the whole erected into an independent kingdom.

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The Attitude of Russia

A month ago, in view of the events in Macedonia, the Russian and Austrian Foreign Ministers completed an agreement regarding reforms in that province, and proposed to submit the agreement to the Sultan. The plan was supposed to center about the appointment of a Christian Governor for Macedonia, with practically full powers. This project would undoubtedly be regarded by Abdul Hamid with the apathy shown more than once to the efforts not only of two but of all the Powers of Europe. Instead of strengthening the hands of right-thinking Bulgarians, the plan has really strengthened the hands of the lawless Macedonian Committee, because it confirmed the agitators in their belief that Russia at least will really aid any serious effort to liberate Macedonia. The Russian idea in this would, of course, be not so much to liberate as to Slavonize

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Macedonia, and thus bring the greatest land Power in Europe and Asia one step nearer an occupation of Constantinople. The seizure of the capital of Turkey by Russia would once have been the signal of European conflagration; it is extremely doubtful whether it now would provoke even a small blaze, since the Powers might find ample compensation in other directions—Italy in Albania, Austria at Salonica, Germany in Asia Minor, France in Palestine, and England in northeast Africa. The Macedonian agitators have been further confirmed in their conviction that outside aid will shortly be forthcoming—first, by the open inquiries of the Russian Admiralty as to the troop-carrying capacity of the Black Sea squadron of transports, the volunteer fleet of cruisers, and the vessels of the various Russian navigation companies; secondly, by the half-mobilization of Austro-Hungarian regiments in Transylvania. Perhaps the London "Times" does not exaggerate when it says: "Every European chancellery is aware that there is most imminent danger of a revolt in Macedonia on a totally different scale from the usual disturbances, and an opening up of questions that may lead to a struggle the limits and issues of which a wise man will not pretend to forecast."

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Morocco Last week, in a three-hour battle, the Sultan of Morocco inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Pretender to the throne. The Sultan's success was principally due to the co-operation at a critical moment of a tribe whose defection from the rebels the Sultan had previously purchased. The Pretender's camp, assailed in the front by the Imperial army, was suddenly assailed in the rear by this tribe. The slaughter was great, and the remnants of the rebel army fled. It is not known whether the Pretender fled with them or was killed. At all events, the victory of Mulai Abdul Aziz over him is one which should be welcomed by all friends of civilization, since, as is the case with the Chinese Emperor, the Sultan of Morocco represents a certain amount of reform and progress; the Pretender's forces, like the Boxers, represent reaction and fanaticism. The very enlightenment of the ruler of Morocco was the cause of the late rebellion. The thirty-sixth lineal descendant, as he is, from that Ali who was the uncle and son-in-law of the prophet Mahomet, the present Sultan is also the son of a Circassian mother, and would seem to inherit some of the virtues belonging to her northern blood. He has endeavored to collect taxes honestly; he has allowed the arrest of criminals who had taken refuge in the porches of mosques; last, but not least, he sometimes dresses in semi-European costume, and actually rides in a motor-car! These things have helped the Pretender's cause; and he worked upon the bigoted sects among the Moors who have always been opposed to any kind of reform. If he had succeeded in battle, the whole country might have fallen back into barbarism; as it is, we may expect that Morocco, whether it comes into the sphere of influence of a particular European power or not, will show a few more signs of civilization. The ancient industries—weaving, leatherwork, cutlery, etc.—which once made the name Moroccan a thing to conjure with, may yet be revived, although Switzerland, France, Russia, and Germany have now succeeded to much of those manufactures. The very name of the capital, Fez, is still a household word wherever the tarbush or turban is worn, although long since the Oriental manufacture of fezes has been removed to Tunis, while the cheap imitation, so often seen, comes from Switzerland.

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The Federation of Churches The third Annual Conference of the National Federation of Churches and Christian Workers was held at the Bible House, New York, February 3. The reports presented showed a gratifying though not rapid progress of the movement. Following the example set by Nebraska last October, California has now organized, and was represented by Dr. J. R. McLean, President of Pacific Theological Seminary. Among the subjects discussed and favorably received, one of much practical importance was a new "plan of interdenominational affiliation"—new only in its broad application of a practice introduced some time since in colleges. According to this plan, a Presbyterian church member resident for

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a time in a community where no Presbyterian church exists, and unwilling to dissolve relationship with his own church, might be received as an "associate member" by the Methodist or Baptist church of the vicinage, on presentation of a letter from his Presbyterian pastor accrediting him to Christian fellowship. Should he move on to another neighborhood, the same letter, indorsed by the pastor of the church of his temporary sojourn, would entitle him to similar recognition there. Should he finally return to his old home church, this letter, with its indorsements, would exhibit his record during absence. This plan has been unanimously recommended by the Evangelical Alliance of Pennsylvania as desirable on account of the migratory life of many people, and the losses thereby suffered in all churches. It is also urged as a desirable strengthening of the bonds of interdenominational fellowship. The sessions of the Conference were followed by a social evening at the St. Denis Hotel. In the course of an after-dinner address, Dr. Tomkins, the rector of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, emphatically placed the responsibility for the disgraceful municipal conditions existing in that city on the disunity of Christian people and their ministers.

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A Church Building Jubilee

The Congregational Church Building Society, organized in May, 1833, is soon to celebrate its jubilee year. Historically this has some importance in the annals of American Congregationalism. Symptoms of alienation had appeared between the older churches of New England and the newer churches westward. Charges of innovation upon the standards of doctrine and polity were tending to the estrangement of the more conservative East from the more progressive West. It was even alleged that Congregationalism would not bear transplanting from its native hills to the prairies. Such conditions occasioned the assembling at Albany, in 1852, of the first general council held by the Congregational churches since the Cambridge "Synod" in 1646. The outcome was their drawing together into a closer union among themselves; also the discontinuance of the historic "plan of union" for home missionary purposes with Presbyterians—a plan by which Congregationalism had lost in half a century two thousand churches, and Presbyterianism had gained its "new school" element, with the consequent schism and controversy that was healed only a year ago. In pledge of the denominational harmony established at Albany, a fund of over sixty thousand dollars was formed to aid feeble churches at the West to erect houses of worship, and the then significant name of "The American Congregational Union" (changed in 1892 to the present more descriptive name) was given to the Society organized as almoner. During the half-century over three and a half million dollars have been distributed in loans and grants in all parts of the country for the erection of churches and parsonages; a quarter of a million during the past year.

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The American Chapel at Berlin

Our readers will remember that about a year ago The Outlook printed Ambassador White's address at the laying of the corner-stone of the American Chapel in Berlin, and described the occasion as one of National as well as of religious interest. The minister of the Chapel, the Rev. Dr. James F. Dickie, by assiduous and well-directed labor, obtained the authorization for the building of a church, selected the site, and raised money enough to build a worthy edifice as a home for a church which for about twenty years has been a religious and social center for many thousands of American residents and visitors to Berlin. The building has been completed, or is nearing completion, and it is now urgently desired to provide an organ, church furniture, windows, and other requisites. It is also proposed to carry out an extremely commendable plan, one which cannot but be of immense utility, that of establishing in the church house a reading-room and library open under suitable regulations to all American and British students; the library, we understand, will largely consist of American and English works of reference, histories, biographies, and other works not readily obtained in the German libraries. Such a plan will obviously form a bond between the students and the church which would be of value in more ways than one. For these purposes

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it is proposed by Dr. Dickie, who is now in this country, to raise a further fund of $10,000. No debt has been or will be incurred by the American Chapel. The object is one which appeals peculiarly to all Americans who have lived or studied in Berlin. We take pleasure in commending it cordially to the attention of our readers. Dr. Dickie may be addressed at the St. Denis Hotel in New York City.

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The Pandita Ramabai

The American Ramabai Association announces a radical change in the character of the Shâradâ Sadan, the school at Poona, India, founded and conducted by the Pandita Ramabai for high-caste Hindu girls, mostly, if not all, belonging to the unfortunate class of child widows. Ramabai, with the support of this Association, organized the Shâradâ Sadan some sixteen years ago as a strictly secular school. As in our public schools, no religious instruction was to be given there. Thus she hoped to obviate the interference of religious antipathies with her philanthropic effort to ameliorate the wretchedness of Hindu child widows. For some years the plan worked most successfully. But though no formal religious instruction was given, the influence of Ramabai's Christian character took inevitable effect upon her pupils. Then trouble began—accusations of broken faith, opposition, persecution. The result of a painful experience has been the abandonment of the secular character of the school. Henceforth, the Association announces, "it is to be, as regards religion, whatever Ramabai may determine"—such is the confidence reposed in her. The religious bitterness felt against her by neighboring Mohammedans has so imperiled the safety of both teachers and pupils at the Shâradâ Sadan that Ramabai has been compelled to remove it to Khedgaon. It has more than a hundred and twenty girls, all avowedly Christian, in a course of higher education. Besides these, many others, girls and women rescued from famine, are in the Mukti home and school, established in 1897 at Khedgaon. No Christian work in non-Christian lands appeals more strongly to American women. Donations may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Curtis Chipman, 222 Boylston Street, Boston.

Child Labor at the North

The Alabama committee which conducted the now successful agitation for a child labor law in that State seems to have lighted a fire which is burning brightly all over the Nation for the extirpation of this crying industrial abuse. The very week that the despatches announced the practical acceptance of the reform bill by the authoritative committee of the Alabama Legislature, a New York committee organized to agitate against the forms of child labor persisting in the metropolis issued a document stating that four Northern Governors had, within a week of one another, urged their Legislatures to pass new laws for the prohibition of child labor. In New York, at least, the men and women who have taken hold of the work of purifying local conditions are the very ones who co-operated most heartily in the work of the Southern committee in arousing a National sentiment against a supposedly sectional evil. Their "foreign missionary" effort did not spring from sectional self-righteousness or the willingness to forget wrongs near by in the thought of wrongs far off, but from a wholesome hatred of wrong wherever found. Their sympathy with the child victims of premature toil at the South only made them the more sensitive to kindred evils at home.

The New York committee began its work by an investigation into the extent to which child labor persists in New York City, and the legislative changes needed to make effective the suppression of the most serious evils. The first part of this week revealed conditions in New York City which Superintendent Maxwell, the head of the public school system, reasonably declares to be more nearly akin to child slavery than those which exist in the Southern cotton-mills. It was found that there are school-children who deliver milk from four o'clock in the morning until school-time. There are others, especially in the employ of bakeries and laundries, who deliver wares from six o'clock till eight in the morning, and from half-past three till seven at night. Some of these children are completely exhausted and dulled for their school work by the long hours of toil during play-time and sleep-time. Many of these children are

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but twelve years old or less, and their employment is entirely legal, for the present child labor laws only cover work done *inside* of factories and stores. Even delivery companies are not subject to the restrictions of the child labor laws, and one company is found to employ all day children of thirteen, twelve, and even eleven. "They begin work," says the committee, "at seven in the morning and return to the office at the end of their last trip between nine and ten o'clock at night. On Friday and Saturday nights they work until midnight. If the packages are not delivered at midnight on Saturday, the children work on Sunday until the tasks of the previous day have been completed."

Similar evils—and even greater evils morally—have been exposed in the other street trades—among newsboys, bootblacks, messenger-boys, and peddlers. But they are by no means confined to these trades not yet under the scope of the child labor laws. In the factories and shops covered by these laws it was found that hundreds of children under fourteen are steadily employed in disregard of the law. The present laws require a certificate for each child employed, showing that it has reached the required age and attended school a required period. One East Side principal states that three out of five of the certificates brought to her for signature contain statements from parents regarding the child's age which she knows from the school records to be false. The committee proposes that the law be changed so as to require the parent to furnish corroboratory evidence as to the age of the child, and in general to make the signing of these certificates less of an empty form. It also proposes that the compulsory education laws and the child labor laws shall be made to fit into one another so as to support each other. At present the compulsory education law requires of children twelve years of age merely that they shall attend school eighty days, though they may not legally work in factories or stores until they are fourteen. The committee apparently proposes that school attendance be required until work for wages may be begun. It also asks that in New York—as now in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Minnesota—vacation work for children twelve years of age should be forbidden, and the children should have their vacations for the purpose for which vacations are granted. The committee finds that the earnings of little children are so petty that there are few cases where the need of the parent even colorably justifies the employment of the child. In these cases the committee suggests that direct aid to the parent is infinitely preferable to the sacrifice of the child. The parent's right to the child is less fundamental than the child's right to himself, and the child on reaching manhood has a right to himself not dulled and sapped of strength, but in the full vigor of body and mind.

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Henry L. Dawes

Henry Laurens Dawes, ex-Senator from Massachusetts, who died in his home in Pittsfield on Thursday of last week, was a representative man of New England birth and temper. The son of a farmer, he fitted himself for Yale College by studious use of the little leisure in his working life, and largely supported himself during his collegiate course. After graduation he taught school and read law at the same time; began the practice of his profession in Hampshire County in his native State in 1842; wrote editorials for local papers; entered the Legislature in 1848, and soon attracted attention as a skillful debater and indefatigable worker. In 1858 he entered Congress, where his tireless attention to public business, the rapidity with which he familiarized himself with the routine and procedure of Congress, and his thoroughgoing integrity soon brought him to the front. He was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Elections; and for ten years, during a period of the most bitter contests, his reports were recognized as documents of singular skill and convincing reasonableness. He became Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and was tireless in protecting the public treasury from extravagant grants. As Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee his unusual working qualities were drawn upon to the utmost; but in this position, as in every other, his fidelity and painstaking care were universally recognized. In 1869 he was candidate for the Speakership of the House, but withdrew in favor of Mr. Blaine. As Chairman of the Committee

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on Appropriations he was conspicuous for courageous opposition to extravagant schemes of all kinds; and his services to the financial interests of the Nation, as well as to its moral interests, were of inestimable value during a very critical period. In 1875 he was elected to the United States Senate in succession to Charles Sumner, and served continuously in that body until he retired in 1893. He was appointed to the Appropriations Committee; but it was as Chairman of the Indian Committee, a position which he held for sixteen years, that he made his most distinctive mark in the Senate.

It is especially as a friend of the Indian race that Mr. Dawes will be known in the history of his country. Other services which he has rendered may be more important, but none other are so distinctive. To the West the Indian seemed at all times an obstruction to civilization, and was not infrequently a peril to life and property and home. The East, knowing him chiefly through Cooper's novels and Longfellow's Hiawatha, thought of him as a mythical hero of romance, having little more connection with modern American life than a Greek demigod or a mediæval knight. Senator Dawes, bringing to the Indian problem the uncompromising conscience and the humanitarian spirit of the Puritan, brought to it also the New England practical common sense, and set for himself the seemingly impossible task of making the West see that the Indian was not a wild beast and the East see that he was not a creature of the imagination; and so of convincing both that he was to be treated on principles of reason and common sense, as well as on principles of justice and common honesty, as an imperfectly developed man. As Chairman of the Indian Committee of the Senate he devoted himself to this always difficult and at first wholly thankless task. For the East had no inclination to be disillusionized and the West no inclination to be reformed; and both were practically agreed that the Indian could not be civilized, the West because he was too brutal, the East because he was too charmingly poetical. In 1892, in an address delivered in Hartford, Senator Dawes described in a sentence the new Indian policy: "Having tried every other means with the Indian, the Nation, as a last resort, resolved to try the experiment of making something out of him." It is not unjust to others, it is only just to Senator Dawes, to say that he was the father of this policy, and has done more than any other man in the United States, first, to secure for it a recognition from the Government, second, to embody it in practical legislation. It is not necessary here to trace the successive steps of a process which has necessarily changed in its methods, but has been unchanging in the purpose which has animated and directed it. The apparent inconsistencies of the process are really the harmonies of a development each step of which prepared for the following stage: first, scrupulous honor in observing treaties with the Indian, and honesty in payment of his promised rations and supplies; next, the partial substitution of schools for supplies, and of books for beef; then the discontinuance of treaties made with the Indian races as though they were foreign nations; then the gradual obliteration of reservation lines and the progressive emancipation of the Indian from the limitations and restraints necessary during the period of his pupilage; lastly, his full citizenship under the law, and the recognition of his equal rights as a man of whom something had been made. In this whole process of the last quarter of a century, Senator Dawes had to bear with patience alike the slowness of men who thought that nothing could be made of the Indian and the hurry of men who wanted to treat him at the start as though he were already made. To the very last his patience was not exhausted nor his enthusiasm abated, and if he did not live to see the wards of the Nation all converted into citizens, he educated others to carry on his work, who will not suffer what he began to be abandoned until it is finished and the National honor is secured by the protetion of the North American Indians in all their civil and political rights.

Mr. Dawes was twice offered a position on the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and twice declined. More, probably, than any other honor that came to him he valued the unusual confidence, not only of the men of his own constituency, but men of all parties, who knew his work, recognized his stainless integrity during a period of the greatest political corruption

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known in the history of the country, and his tireless devotion to public duty. The last ten years of his life were spent in quiet in his delightful home at Pittsfield, Mass., in one of the most beautiful towns in the country, in a community of unusual intelligence, where his declining years were sweetened, not only by unusual devotion in his own family, but by constant expression of the regard and affection of his neighbors and of the Commonwealth. He was a public man who, in an unusual sense, deserves the great commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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The New Religious Experience

There is not only a New Theology, of which much has been said, but also a new religious experience, of which very little has been said. But the question whether religious experience is becoming more spiritual is far more important than the question whether our thought about religious experience is becoming more scientifically accurate. Faith in God and in the divine law and life remains; but it is not the same faith. Is it richer or poorer? stronger or weaker? clearer or more dim?

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

The knowledge has grown; or so at least many of us think. But does more of reverence in us dwell? The music of mind and soul is in better accord. But is it vaster? The Rev. Edward H. Byington, D.D., of Beverly, Massachusetts, has recently preached a sermon on this general theme, based on a tabulated contrast, recently printed in The Outlook, between the New and the Old Theology. Acknowledging our indebtedness to this sermon, which we should be glad to see published in full in pamphlet form, we to some extent follow here the lines he suggests, but without reporting him; nor must our readers hold him responsible for our interpretation of the New Experience.

The aspect of prayer is changing. The New Experience does not look out and up to a King upon a great white throne, nor back to a Divine Man by the Sea of Galilee; it looks within to the God who tabernacles with men. Our prayers are less an asking for things and more a communion of spirit with spirit; the answers we look for are less external gifts bestowed and more spiritual life imparted; we do not so much seek succor from life's battles and burdens as courage for the first and patience for the second. Thus prayer becomes hardly distinguishable from meditation; it is listening to God perhaps even more than speaking to him; it is compliance with the Psalmist's counsel, "Commune with your own heart upon the bed, and be still." It is therefore less a matter for appointed times and occasions; more a habit than an act, more an atmosphere than either. It is consequently more difficult to give to it outward and formal expression except in liturgies; it is more private, less public, more unuttered, less expressed, more a life of the subconscious self, less a conscious and deliberate speech. It loses in clearness, definiteness, precision; but it gains in intimacy, closeness, familiarity.

Closely related to this change in the experience of prayer is a change in the soul's quest after God. With a belief in the Universal Presence and the Divine Order comes a consciousness that the devout soul is not to ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, nor to descend into the depth to bring Christ up, but is to find the Word, that is, the speaking, self-revealing God, nigh, even in the heart. If it is more difficult to believe in miracles, it is less important. If the extraordinary manifestations of God recounted in ancient history appear less credible, the ordinary manifestations of God in current life appear more real. He is seen in American history not less than in Hebrew history, in the life of to-day not less than in the life of long ago. All so-called natural phenomena appear not less supernatural than the so-called miraculous: the change of water into wine by the vineyard not less than the similar change at the wedding feast; the daily feeding of five thousand out of a few seed cast into the earth not less than the historic feeding of five thousand out of two loaves and five small fishes. So the ordinary

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aspirations and inspirations of the soul appear, not the summons of our better self, but the Voice of Him who speaks within us. Revivals are infrequent, evangelists are not in demand, religious excitement is looked on with suspicion; development of a higher life out of the lower, as the flower and the fruit from the soil, seems normal and natural. We therefore believe less in the aphorism, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," and more in the parable which compares the kingdom of God to a seed which springs and grows up man knoweth not how. Religious activity is therefore less intense, less aggressive, less concentrated, but also less confined to special places, institutions, and epochs. There are fewer religious excitements and more moral and civic reform conventions, fewer prayer-meetings and more college settlements—many of which, however, entirely ignore the needs of the spiritual life. Religious life is less emotional but more ethical, less intensified but more diffused. It has perhaps lost something in manifestation of power, but it has gained something in quiet, practical efficiency. It may seem less evidently divine, but it is more evidently human.

With these changes has come another which is more than a change of opinion. The new religious experience looks for its final authority to the Voice within. The secret of whatever authority it recognizes in either Church or Bible is in the response which the soul makes to the word which they utter. Ecclesiastical authority is no longer recognized by the New Experience. It is frankly disowned and denied. The "Cloth" has lost its power; the "Pulpit" has lost its power; it is only the man who wears the cloth and stands in the pulpit who has power. And he has power only as he is able to evoke a deep response from the souls of his congregation. The private recognizes the authority of the captain because he is a superior; the pupil recognizes the authority of the teacher because he is an expert. The authority of the preacher is neither that of an official superior nor that of a scientific expert; he has authority only as he is able to awaken in the soul of the hearer an authoritative voice, to put the conscience of the hearer into the imperative mood. The New Experience is more slow to recognize that the authority of the Bible is of the same description as that of the Church, but it is gradually and half-unconsciously coming to this faith. A text of Scripture is no longer conclusive as to doctrine; a precept of Scripture is no longer conclusive as a command. The Bible is less and less looked upon as itself the word of God—a title never in the Bible applied to the Bible; it is looked upon as able to evoke the word of God in the soul of man. The authority is not in the word of Moses or David or Isaiah or Paul; it is in the Voice which spake to Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul. The Bible still speaks with authority; but its authority is not textual, but vital. If religion is "the life of God in the soul of man," then the Bible is the record of that life in the souls of men, preserved and imparted that the same life may be enkindled in others. It is not a substitute for that life; it is an introduction to that life. For those who have not the life in themselves there is a sensible loss of power in the Bible; for those who have that life in themselves there is a sensible gain. A book which brings us to God is better than a book which merely tells us about God.

This experience, which recognizes God as in his world of nature and of men, recognizes him in history working out a kingdom of God on the earth. Its hopes and aspirations are less celestial, more earthly. It is not so fond of singing

"O Paradise, O Paradise, who doth not crave
for rest?"

as it is of singing

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free."

The battlements of heaven have grown dim, its angel choirs distant if not wholly inaudible; but the kingdom of justice, liberty, and uprightness on earth has become a more vivid hope. In the Christmas song the New Experience is inclined to lay too little emphasis on "Glory to God in the Highest;" it lays more upon "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Professor Stowe used to tell of a negro preacher in Florida who said that he did not understand the Sermon on the Mount very well, but he understood the Book of Revolutions perfectly. The New Experience cares less about the Book of Revelation than about

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the Sermon on the Mount. Discussions about heaven and hell, purgatory and second probation, interest it less than discussions about child labor, tenement-house life, civic corruption, divorce and the causes which lead to it. It regards life less as a preparation for a celestial kingdom of God; it works more for a terrestrial kingdom of God as the true consummation of earthly life. It pays less attention to individual salvation than the fathers did; it pays a great deal more to social redemption. It loses something in regard for the spiritual life of the individual; it gains much in regard for the moral renovation of the community.

With this faith in a present God—in nature, history, the ancient prophets, the individual soul, human society, is faith in a Christ who is the "human life of God." Mark tells us of an occasion when Jesus went before his disciples and they followed after him afraid and amazed; John tells us of a time when they sat in intimate communion with him about the supper table, and John himself reclined with his head on the Master's bosom. Sometimes the Church has followed the Divine Christ, their prevalent feeling one of awe; the New Experience sits with the Human Christ in intimate communion, its prevalent feeling one of fellowship. These changes in mood are perhaps necessary, certainly they are natural. Yet it would not be just to say that the reverence of the second mood is less real, or the loyalty less absolute. Perhaps neither mood can fully understand the other. Certainly the more familiar approach to the Son of the Carpenter is leading many to know and to honor him whose acquaintance we may well hope will grow to love, whose honor to worship.

In life the contrasts here intimated are not clearly defined. Antitheses are always sharper in literary expression than in actual experience. Nor is what we call the New Experience really new; expressions of it may be found in the religious biography of all periods. It is new only as a general tendency. So the New Theology is not really new; as Professor A. V. G. Allen has shown, it is a revival of Græco-Christian philosophy. What is new is the increasing acceptance of it. Nor have we here attempted anything like a comprehensive and complete account of the New Experience. We have only indicated certain of its more obvious elements. Nor do we undertake to determine accurately the relation of gain and loss in the change from the one mood to the other. Doubtless there is some loss, doubtless some gain. We only seek to point out the fact that the change is one in religious experience as well as in theology, and that it is not all loss. No one need conclude either for himself or for the race that religious life is dying out because not merely the philosophy about the life, but the manifestations and expressions of the life, are undergoing subtle and half-perceived but real and even radical changes.

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In Defense of the Poor

"They ought to leave tenement-house reform alone," said a young workingman the other day, "but they won't. What difference does it make what the tenants think about it? There's too much money behind the attack on good tenement-houses. A woman in the house where my mother lives complained to a builder's agent about a break in the drain-pipe, and he swore at her and told her, 'The Health Department and the Tenement-House Department can't touch us.' That's the way of it; they have the money. The poor people have no show."

How helpless these tenement-house dwellers feel, not only in making efforts for cleanliness and health, but also in effort for moral decency, when their interests clash with those of the owners, is illustrated by the statement of a charity worker, quoted in the Report of the Tenement-House Commission of New York, that she had heard women bemoaning the birth of a daughter for fear of the dangers to her chastity that would threaten her under the conditions that prevailed in the tenements where they lived.

It is true that only a minority of tenement-house dwellers recognize in this manner how greatly their health and lives and character depend upon the form of house in which they live. It is true that thousands of tenement-house dwellers naturally surround themselves with dirt and disease and vice. One needs only

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to stroll through some of the newer tenements to see the bathtub used as a receptacle for rubbish. This is only saying in concrete form that it is impossible to make people cleanly, healthy, and virtuous by law.

But this, at least, it is possible to accomplish by law: to abolish and prevent conditions which compel people to live in surroundings of dirt, disease, and vice.

Such surroundings are forced upon thousands of families who live in ill-constructed tenement-houses. To select out of a large number only three features of such buildings—the inadequate air-shafts and courts, the dark rooms and hallways, and the outrageously misnamed sanitary accommodations—what more efficient means could be devised for creating wretched surroundings from which the undefended poor find it impossible to escape?

In the first place, these surroundings produce and accumulate filth. The air-shaft, so called, is often no more than a sort of chimney from which windows in inner rooms open. It is frequently closed at the top with a skylight, or, worse, mere slats, shutting out light and air. It is an inviting place for the disposal of garbage and waste; it gathers and retains the foul air of all the flats; it rarely can be and even more rarely is cleaned. The dark hallways not only make even the worst filth inconspicuous, but, by exclusion of pure air, which is the most effectual disinfectant, render it most noxious. The inner rooms, also, which have no opening to the outer air, of which there are over 200,000 in Manhattan alone, hide the dirt and vitiate the air. The vaults that open directly into the sewers, and are usually situated in the crowded courts or yards, but sometimes even in the damp, unwholesome cellars, create a condition of filth that cannot here be described. When it is remembered that such filth must be daily endured by women and children, that it is to be found often in close proximity to the family washing, and that often it is spread, by an almost inevitable process, from the courtyard to the roof itself, it can be understood why a Tenement-House Inspector the other day remarked, as he started on his tour, "Well, I must go now and see a smell." What must it mean, not to inspect that sort of thing periodically, but to live in its presence continuously? And it is the women and children, not the men who are off at work, who have to live so.

In the second place, these wretched features of old tenements propagate disease. Uncleanliness is the great medium for disease. Those air-shafts have well been termed "culture-tubes," by a metaphor referring to the tubes in which pathologists cultivate disease germs. The dark hallways and rooms and the pestilential vaults bear their share in undermining the health and wasting away the lives of the poor. Tuberculosis, which thrives best on bodies thus environed by filth, is an epidemic in New York. This is the expression that is used by medical authority. Every unventilated air-shaft, room, hall, and vault in these tenements is a nest for the bacilli of this insidious disease.

In the third place, these wretched features of tenement buildings promote the worst moral and social evils. The narrow air-shaft, with windows opening opposite one another, denies to the dwellers that privacy which is the great defense of personal virtue. The dark public hallways afford lurking-places for many kinds of corruption. And the communal vaults are in some respects the worst of all. What protection have the poor here?

A year ago in New York State there was passed a law which abolished these features from all new tenements, and required their amelioration in all tenements then constructed. The enactment was jubilantly welcomed by lovers of humanity. The Outlook then took occasion to say that the fight for decency was by no means ended. For as long as there are men who for the sake of dividends will risk the lives of passengers on land and sea, will endanger health by adulteration of drugs and food, and will make big profits from fuel when people are suffering from cold and exposure, there will be men who will endeavor to increase the herding together of humanity because it is "commercially profitable." It ought to surprise no one, therefore, that some builders in Brooklyn and the Bronx who wish to build new houses at less expense than the provisions of the present law require, and that some builders in Manhattan who do not wish to incur the expense involved in

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such mild requirements as putting glass panels in doors, cutting larger windows in dark rooms, and substituting for scandalously filthy vaults measurably adequate sanitary accommodations, should combine to undo a large part of the work not only of last year but of a generation past. The offense is the worse because the present law has been proved practicable. Tenement-building was never so active in Manhattan as it is to-day. The old tenements that have already been improved in accordance with the law have commanded immediate profitable sale and have been easily rented. And the smaller tenements, such as are typical in Brooklyn, are not only being found acceptable in that borough, but have been successfully tested by very similar conditions in Buffalo, where for years they were erected under the provisions of a local ordinance.

The State Senator who introduced the most drastic of the repealing bills at Albany has shown the good sense to announce that he will be the sponsor of it no longer; though the bills themselves are not yet withdrawn. Governor Odell, whose recommendations in the message to the Legislature encouraged the greed of the builders, has already put himself on record as in sympathy with enlightened methods of tenement legislation and supervision. Such facts should nerve the arms of all who are fighting the battle of the tenement-dwellers against the men who would traffic in their health, life, and character. Especially should those who have comfortable homes and access to God's free air and light utter their emphatic nay against the proposal to deprive others of the air and light that are theirs by the same token. This does not concern New York City alone, or New York State alone; it concerns all in city and country throughout the broad territory of this Republic who care enough for democratic institutions to insist by word and deed that, in spite of the power of wealth, it shall not be true that the poor people, those poor in intelligence or education as well as those poor in material possessions, "have no show."

The Impressions of a Careless Traveler

VIII.

April 18.

HISTORICAL associations, extraordinary beauty of natural scenery, and exciting adventure have combined to make the last three days spent in the Crimea and its vicinity the climax in interest of our trip thus far. Events have followed each other so rapidly that this is my first opportunity, now that we are back on the Prinzessin again, to make any record in my diary.

My impressions of the Crimean War are derived partly from vague recollections, partly from the reports of a fellow-passenger who was in the Crimea as a boy and saw the charge of the Light Brigade; he had with him on the Prinzessin General Wolseley's "History of the Crimean War," which he was studying as a preparation to his visit. Accordingly he was the ship's expert on the subject. What I record here is a combination of my recollections and his own information as he gave it to us in fragmentary conversation in the smoking-room and in more continuous form in an informal lecture in the Social Hall one evening.

Once upon a time, say 185–, Russia, on some excuse, I know not what, opened an attack on Turkey, her unconcealed object being to obtain possession of Constantinople, and with it the passage to the Mediterranean. She offered undisputed possession of Egypt to England if England would acquiesce in her purpose. Perhaps England thought she could get undisputed possession of Egypt without Russia's help, as she has since done. At all events, she did not acquiesce; on the contrary, with France, she came to Turkey's aid. The Crimea is a Russian peninsula, running out into the Black Sea, with two natural ports—one Balaclava, a Lilliputian harbor, the other Sevastopol—pronounced in Russian with the accent on the third syllable, Sevastópol—a harbor of considerable size, well protected by nature. The Crimea was Russia's point of departure and base of supplies. If this could be taken from Russia, her proposed attack on

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Constantinople would be rendered impossible. The Crimean War was a war waged by France, England, and Turkey to get military control of the Crimea, and especially Sevastopol, and so prevent Russia from advancing on Constantinople. The English took possession of the tiny land-locked harbor of Balaclava on one side of the peninsula, perhaps ten miles from Sevastopol by road and twenty by sea, without opposition. The harbor is quite inadequate for vessels of any considerable size; indeed, what England could do with it except use it as a landing-place for provisions, I do not know. She made no attempt to fortify it, and, so far as I can see, Russia has made no attempt to fortify it even now. She landed her troops, also without opposition, on the Sevastopol side of the peninsula about thirty miles from Sevastopol, and advanced upon the city. At the crossing of the river Alma, about twenty miles from Sevastopol, the battle of Alma took place; the Russians were defeated, and the allies advanced upon Sevastopol. It was ill defended and might easily have been taken by assault, but caution was deemed the better part of valor, and the allies made a circle about Sevastopol and connected their forces with the harbor at Balaclava, in and near which their fleet, such as it was, was lying. Here the Russians attacked; here took place the famous Charge of the Light Brigade; here again the Russians were defeated; and again the allies advanced. Midway between Balaclava and Sevastopol took place the third battle, that of Inkerman; again the Russians were defeated, and the road lay open to Sevastopol. But the Russians had used well their time in preparing fortifications, and these made a siege necessary. After a protracted siege an assault was ordered, the English storming one fortification known as the Redan, the French another known as the Malakoff. The defeat of the Russians in the fourth battle necessitated the surrender of Sevastopol and the abandonment of the attempt on Constantinople by Russia, and so ended the Crimean War. England and France should have occupied the Crimea and so prevented Russia's future realization of her purpose. But France was tired of the war, England could not or would not carry it on alone, and so it ended, leaving Russia checked but not checkmated in her march to the Mediterranean, and practically free to disregard her promises to make certain specified ports in the Black Sea free, and I believe also to leave Sevastopol unfortified.

Our Crimean shore experiences, as promised, were to include three days: (1) a visit to the fortifications of Sevastopol and to the harbor of Balaclava; (2) a drive across the peninsula and along its northeastern shore to Yalta; (3) a visit to the summer gardens and summer palace of the Czar near Yalta. We were off the boat and on the dock by nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 16. The square was full of carriages, and the passengers were rushing to and fro to get in. We took the one into which we were put by Cook, and thereby learned a lesson. The next morning the Student picked out our carriage horses and driver, and we got far better accommodations. Through some lack of direction or failure by the coachman to understand them, the installment of carriages, eight in number, to which we belonged did not drive to the fortifications, but direct to the village and harbor of Balaclava. Cook's agent endeavored to rectify the blunder by proposing that we take the fortifications on our return, and even went with us to insure success; but the sun was getting down, the air was getting cold, and we were getting weary, so we gave them up, getting a *quasi* bird's-eye view from the distance. I think it was no loss to the ladies and no great loss to me, although I had anticipated seeing with interest the fortifications of a siege and an assault in one of the great wars of contemporaneous history, in which at the time I took no little interest. It was, in a small way, like being within a few miles of the battlefield of Gettysburg and failing to see it. But it really did not matter; for the whole topography I could see and understand from a distance.

After a drive of about two hours across an undulating country, we approached over a gentle eminence what appeared like a fresh-water pond—it might, at a guess, be a mile or a little less long, and a quarter or possibly half a mile wide—but I am not good at estimating distances, and I made no attempt to estimate the size then. The shore of this pond was lined by what looked like the

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edifices of a summer resort, and it was not until we had fairly drawn up at the door of the inn where we were to lunch, that we assured ourselves that this was Balaclava. The entrance to this land-locked pond was so narrow and winding, and the hills which walled it on either side were so high, that we could discern no exit from it, nor easily convince ourselves that it was really a harbor. I do not think that even a moderately large steamer could have gotten in; I am sure it could not have turned round in the harbor unless it had twin screws. Indeed, while we were there an American steam yacht, the Wanderer, entered the harbor. She was not a large boat, and she had to use her twin screw to get round the sharp corner in entering the harbor. This harbor was the scene of one of the tragedies of the Crimean War. Some transports lay inside. Fearing lest the Russians should get command of the neighboring heights and shell them, the boats were ordered into the open sea outside, and, a storm coming up, one of the transports was driven on shore and several hundred soldiers perished.

In one respect we were fortunate in not having gone to the fortifications of Sevastopol. We had a choice of seats at lunch, and so had not to take our meal, as some did, in an unprotected position outside, where we should certainly have been uncomfortable in the wind and dust. A walk up on to the hill above the town for some of us, a row in the harbor for others, a drive home, taking in a Greek monastery most romantically situated on a shelf of rock overhanging the sea, and including an ancient chapel in a cave which nature and art had combined to fashion in the cliff, where a devout old soul was droning out a prayer or a Scripture lesson in the sing-song tone which for some inexplicable reason is supposed to be the especial vehicle of piety, finished the first day.

Thursday involved a trifle of a drive—fifty-three miles—from Sevastopol to Yalta, in carriages each with three horses harnessed abreast. We started from the dock at about half-past eight, some hundred and fifty passengers in a long procession, or succession of processions, for each boat-load of passengers started as soon as they had found their places in the waiting carriages. We drove out of the city, over a well-macadamized road through a rolling country, but approaching a range of hills of considerable elevation. We passed a monument which marked the Battle of Balaclava, guessed as well as we could just where was the charge of the Light Brigade, then descended a long slope, watered our horses, and ascended a long hill, descending it on the other side into a fertile valley only to enter on another long climb, and so down another long descent and into another fertile valley, in the heart of which was a curious Tartar village of one-storied houses, made, I judged, of sun-dried brick, with roofs some of thatch, others of tile. Once we passed what, judging from the children gathered about it, was a school, where, with some dirty and unkempt urchins, were some others well dressed, for whom a coachman was evidently waiting—a, to us, unexpectedly democratic incident in so aristocratic a country. Once we passed the forlornest-looking graveyard I ever saw, so covered with stones that not a blade of grass could grow, and with graves marked by ill-set boards for monuments or not marked at all. At one point some ragged boys ran by the side of our carriages calling for bakhsheesh in the most cheerful tones of voice and with laughing faces, as though beggary were a great joke. As we left this Tartar village we began to climb a third hill, longer and steeper than any which had preceded. The road, though not very wide, was very skillfully engineered and as smooth as a floor; but it was the only sign of twentieth-century civilization which we saw. At length, after we had driven for four hours, now ascending, now descending, now looking off for miles from the vantage-ground of some eminence, now dipping into a cultivated valley or shut in by impenetrable woods on either side, but with the general trend of our road upward and every descent less than the ascent which had preceded, we found ourselves approaching simultaneously our luncheon hour and what I suspected, from the character of the rocks and the scanty vegetation, was what the farmers in New England call "the height o' land." At a turn of the road we found the carriages of our predecessors emptied of their passengers and without their horses. Our driver made signs to us to

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get out. This, then, is the "Gate of Baidar," where our itinerary has told us we are to lunch. Miss —— and I hurry forward to secure places for the party, while the Student and the Matron follow more slowly. Another house, another stable, more carriages, fellow-passengers in groups upon the road and on the rocks, a great archway of stone spanning the roadway, so large that its top constitutes a platform big enough to hold tables for over a hundred to sit down at lunch together, a score or so of our fellow-passengers already seated there or getting their seats, through the archway and—

It is impossible to record what I saw. It was so like an impossible vision which might disappear in a moment that I forgot my purpose to secure seats for our party, and turned back to hurry the Student and the Matron forward, lest the picture should vanish before they arrived. We were on the top of a cliff eighteen hundred or two thousand feet high; above us rose peaks three or four hundred feet higher; below us, at our feet, lay the Black Sea; upon its waters our steamer could be discerned, looking like a launch for size; half-way down the cliff, on a promontory of rock jutting out over the sea, a Greek church; zigzagging down the cliff to this platform, and from it thence along the base of the cliff and about midway between its precipitous wall and the edge of the sea, the road we were to traverse. That picnic lunch will, I think, never be forgotten: on the top of the great stone archway, the peaks above us, the wall of rock extending for miles before us, the sea below us, glimpses here and there of the road which presently we were to follow for twenty-five miles further to our resting-place. The lunch itself, which had been provided by Cook and sent out to this mountain solitude in advance for our coming, amazed us all by the variety of the viands and their appetizing and even luxurious character, where very simple food and plain service might have been expected. Fish with much spiced dressing, fish in jelly, cold meats pressed and jellied, cold chicken, vegetables prepared in ways new to me, cakes, and fruit, with bread, butter, and cheese, were given in an abundance which matched even the German appetites. Tea, mineral water, wine, and beer were there also to be bought at fair prices, and the supply seemed inexhaustible.

But the drive that followed! Twenty-five miles of Gibraltar—no! of one Gibraltar piled upon another, with a road clinging to the side of the cliff midway between the summit and the sea; and yet this, too, is inexact. Let me try to recall it more accurately—as if that were possible. Perpendicular palisades, from one to two thousand feet in height; piled at their base a mass of rock composed apparently of débris fallen from the cliffs and extending another thousand feet or so down to the sea; the sea, vast, illimitable, suggestive of boundless space, the only horizon the line where sky and sea meet and melt into each other, indistinguishable, inseparable; then between this sea and these palisades a shore line, sometimes scarcely less perpendicular than the cliffs above, sometimes sloping gently to the sea at its base, sometimes so narrow that our road seemed to hang over the sea, with no spot below large enough for a tree to find root or a blade of grass to grow, sometimes so broad as to afford a resting-place for terraced gardens and vineyards, or a bit of pasture, or even an occasional village; sometimes naked, grim, desolate, terrible, sometimes fruitful, efflorescent, fragrant; through this scene of desolation and of fertility, of mountain precipice and blue sea, of alternately exquisite beauty and awful grandeur, a road constructed at the foot of the cliff, but far above the edge of the sea, winding in and out in endless curves and up and down in endless undulations to meet, evade, or overcome the difficulties of the way; at intervals the most primitive of villages, with swarthy Tartars looking curiously at us as we passed, sometimes with contemptuous amusement depicted on their faces, sometimes with jeering greetings as we drive by; in many cases the perpendicular face of a precipitous rock constituting the sole back of their houses, which seem as though they were plastered on the rock like the nests of some gigantic and ingenious bird—such were the features, or some of the features, of the most romantic drive I have ever taken or ever conceived of. It is nearly or quite seven o'clock when we at last turn around the edge of a promontory we have been long approaching and see

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far down, a thousand feet below us, the lights of a considerable town glittering along the shore and the lights of our steamer in the open sea near by—for there is no harbor; and our driver points with his whip and says, "Yalta," and our tired horses, taking new courage from an instinctive sense that their work is nearly done, begin the long descent on a run which would terrify us had not our hearts lost the capacity for further sensation. The wind has risen as the sun has gone down; it is growing cold and dark, and we are growing hungry, and the prospect of being on board our yacht and sitting down to her well-equipped dinner cheers our hearts. We do not care how soon we are there. Now we are driving by a long wall, over which we get glimpses of fruit trees in blossom, and occasionally of garden beds and walks; now by a great gateway, with gorgeously gilded double-eagles perched on standards, and again our communicative driver points his whip and says, "Livadia"—the summer garden of the King, which we are to visit to-morrow. Now we are trotting in a long procession along the quay, where the waves from the sea are breaking with such force as now and again to send the spray over us—interesting embarking this is going to be, but no matter, we have good officers, all will be safe, and a romantic embarkation will form a fitting culmination to a romantic day. Halt! The carriages fill the street from curb to curb. Others come rolling up behind us. What is this? The hotel? But why do we stop at the hotel? Why do we not drive on to the landing-place? No one who knows can speak English. No one who can speak English can find out. Presently it begins to be rumored that we cannot embark to-night; there is no harbor, and the sea is too high. What shall we do? We will wait a few minutes to see if the rumor be true and to get directions from the men who have charge of the excursion. Presently the rumor is verified, but simultaneously it is made to appear that no one regards himself in charge of the excursion. There is with us an agent of the steamship, but it is not his business to take care of us on shore. There are two of Cook's agents here, but they do not think it their business to take care of us after the drive is over. It dawns on me that it is a clear case of everybody for himself. The Student and I start to look up accommodations. Hotel number one is already taken. Hotel number two is equally full before we reach it. Hotel number three proves to be a lodging-house only, which furnishes rooms, but not meals—a not uncommon type, I believe, in Russia. All the hotel clerks are running about distracted; all the passengers are running about distracted after them. The passengers cannot understand the clerks, nor the clerks the passengers. To show that I want a bed I put my head on my hand and shut my eyes; to show that I want two beds I hold up two fingers. Two roubles? ($1.08). I nod my head; but also two rooms—and I put my head on my hand twice. Then two fingers are held up twice and something added. I distinguish roubles and something else unintelligible. I nod. I will pay three roubles if necessary, and two roubles and something will be less than three roubles. With some difficulty we make this clear and are taken up to see the rooms. They seem clean but barren, one bed in each, with a mattress but no bedding. We make it clear that we want another bed in each, take the keys that no one else may get them, and go after the Matron, content to have assurance that she will not have to sit up in a chair or sleep on the floor. Except for one provident couple, there was not, I think, so much as a toothbrush in the entire company. A few persons more energetic than the rest shopped for toilet conveniences and night-garments, but most of us settled down to what we had; for the ladies, hair-pins and side combs answering for their "coiffure," and chewed match-ends for toothbrushes. As to *robes de nuit*, they were not to be thought of.

How the Student, Miss ——, and I went out to get some supper for ourselves and some provisions for the Matron, who needed rest even more than supper; how at the primitive restaurant we had to divide rations for one among two or three, and go ourselves to the room adjoining the kitchen for bread and butter; how the Matron stayed at the lodging-house, and by signs made the porter understand that she wanted a fire in the great Russian stove, and got it at last, after much waiting, but could get heat from the big

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stove only by sitting immediately in front of the open door to the sort of oven in which the wood was burning; how gradually the furnishing for the night was brought in—parts of an iron bedstead at intervals, then, in succession, with waits between, a mattress, bedclothes in installments, water for washing, bottled water for drinking, and, last of all, some towels; how all we could bring her home for her frugal supper was some bread and butter, a little fruit, and some Russian chocolates; how we slept on hard beds, and whenever we wakened heard the noise of the waves dashing up against the sea-wall outside; and how when my bill came in I found I had to pay for light, attendance, bedding, and making up the bed, so that my rooms were four roubles each instead of two, I need not recall here more in detail. This was not an imposition, as I was at first inclined to suppose. We had landed in a house characteristic of Russia and of Oriental countries, in which the landlord furnishes the room and the bedstead, and leaves the traveler to furnish his own bedclothes, which he ordinarily brings with him.

The next morning the problem how we were to get on board our steamer presented itself. The wind, rattling the shutters and blowing open the French windows of our room, gave us no hope of a quiet sea, and I was not surprised to see the yacht moving up and down—in more ways than one—a half-mile or more from the shore. I succeeded by signs in getting from the landlord of the lodging-house a glass of tea and some bread and butter for the ladies, and then started out to reconnoiter. At seven o'clock I was at the chief hotel, but no one knew what was to be done, and every new passenger I met had a new rumor to repeat or a new plan to propose. We must ride back to Sevastopol; the horses were exhausted and the drivers would not take us; we must wait here until the sea goes down; we are going to be taken to the steamer in launches, etc., etc. At length it began to be reported, though still no official notice was given, that there was a Russian local steamer inside the breakwater, that we were all to go on board of her, that she was to take us back to Sevastopol, and that we were to embark on the Prinzessin in the harbor there. This arrangement was in fact made, I believe, by the captain of our steamer through the intermediary of the first officer. We had nothing to pay on the steamer, except for luncheon if we chose to take it. So far as I know, not till all the arrangements were consummated and most of the passengers had gotten word and were on board, or preparing to go on board, did the agents of the Cook Company appear again. Whether they kept out of sight because they did not know what to do, or because they wanted to avoid for Cook all responsibility for the predicament in which we were placed, I do not know.

Generalizations from a single experience or a brief series of experiences are not very safe; but the results of our experiences on this trip confirmed Mr. ——'s advice to me; before I left New York he said: "Buy your circular tickets of Cook; occasionally you can use him to advantage in especial carriage trips—but avoid the 'personally conducted tour.'" In fact, we paid a good price at Sevastopol in order to have all care taken off, and when the crisis came it all tumbled back on us again; we paid for a third day's excursion—to the garden of the Czar—which we never had, and had not only to pay our bills at Yalta, to which I do not especially object, but had to shift for ourselves under circumstances of no little perplexity, while our personal conductors disappeared from the scene, not to appear again until all the trouble and perplexity were passed.

To our surprise, the Russian steamer, though primarily for freight, had very comfortable provision for passengers, and we, with unexpected steadiness, steamed back over the water which we had looked down upon the day before, our "yacht" accompanying us all the way. Although we lost our promised view of the palaces and the splendors they contain, we gained a new view of the marvelous cliffs along which we had driven. We are now at home again on the Prinzessin. Our time on the yacht is growing short, and we begin to wonder whether after the exchange to land traveling we shall be as comfortable. But there is a pleasant thought in the idea of longer time in our stopping-places and larger space for manipulating our luggage to compensate for the luxuries we shall leave. L. A.

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HOLDING UP A STATE

THE TRUE STORY OF ADDICKS AND DELAWARE[1]

BY GEORGE KENNAN

II.

THE best and most trustworthy evidence that I have been able to get, from various sources and from representatives of all parties in Delaware, seems to show, beyond all reasonable doubt, that political corruption in that State did not originate with Mr. Addicks. As long ago as 1850 it was the custom of both parties to give voters—or at least a certain class of voters—something in the nature of payment for their votes. Such payments were not definitely agreed upon in advance, nor, as a rule, were they made in money. They consisted, generally, of some commodity, or article of merchandise, such as a barrel of flour or a pair of boots, which, after the election, was given to the voter as a sort of present or reward for having supported the party at the polls. This, of course, was a demoralizing practice, and it gradually familiarized a certain class of the people with the idea that loyalty to party was a thing that entitled the loyal partisan to a reward; and that votes, consequently, had a certain market value dependent upon the exigency of the political situation. From rewarding the faithful partisan *after* the election to buying up the uncertain voter *before* the election was only a step, and that step was soon taken. Even before the Civil War both political parties were buying votes, when it seemed expedient to do so in closely contested elections, and each party attempted to excuse itself by alleging that the other began the practice, and that the resort to fire, as a means of fighting fire, was a justifiable exercise of the right of self-protection. The buying of votes at that time, however, was on a comparatively small scale, and the voters purchased were generally poor men, of weak or dubious character, to whom money was of more practical importance than principle.

After the Civil War, when the negroes were enfranchised, the Democrats found themselves confronted by a new and threatening situation, due to the acquirement of political rights by a class that had before been ignored. The colored population in the two lower counties already had considerable numerical strength, and there was no doubt that it would vote solidly for the party that had given it the ballot. Fearing this accession to the Republican ranks, and believing that the negroes were unfit, in point of character, education, and training, to exercise the right of franchise, the Democrats tried in various ways to eliminate them from the political situation; and, as a means to that end, they finally enacted what was known as the "Delinquent Tax Law." This law provided, in substance, that every man who failed to pay his taxes within a certain specified time should lose the right to vote, and should not again be qualified as a voter until his arrears of taxes had been fully paid. Although this law, ostensibly, was not aimed particularly at the negro, and made no color-line distinction, its practical effect was to disfranchise a considerable part of the colored population. The negroes constituted the poorest and most improvident class; they were sometimes unable to pay their taxes; and many of them were so shiftless, careless, or indifferent that they neglected to pay them within the specified time, even when able to do so. It is charged, furthermore, by the Republicans, that the Democrats, who had control of the levy courts and all the taxing machinery, carried their own delinquents on the roll of voters while excluding all others; and that by spiriting away the tax-collectors they often made it impossible for

[1] See editorial comment elsewhere in this issue.

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Republicans to pay their taxes, even when the latter were ready and anxious to do so. It was not an unusual thing, just before an election, to see large numbers of Republican voters hunting vainly for a Democratic tax-collector who had mysteriously disappeared; and it is said that, in one case, a party of determined Republicans, who wished to pay their taxes so that they might have the privilege of voting, chased a fugitive tax-collector all the way to Philadelphia, and there dragged him out of bed, where he had sought refuge with all his clothes on, and insisted that he should take their money and give them receipts.

Coincident with this abuse of the delinquent tax law, there was more or less buying of votes by the Democrats—and probably by their opponents—in all parts of the State; and the poorer adherents of both parties were getting more and more into the habit of "charging something" for their votes.[1]

The "corruption fund," at that time, was not large in either party; but it seems to have been included regularly in the campaign budget, and party nominees of all grades were expected to contribute to it. "Twenty years ago," said a prominent Democratic leader to me, "I went to Thomas F. Bayard and asked him for a contribution to this fund. It was wrong, of course; but we did that sort of thing in those days. He said to me, 'Mr. X——, I'll give you money for any legitimate campaign expense—for hall rent, for speakers, for printing, for flags, or for bands of music; but I won't give you a cent for the purchase of votes. This practice of buying votes is corrupting and demoralizing the people, and preparing the way for some rich man to step in and buy up the State.'"

The words of Senator Bayard were prophetic, and the shadow of the "rich man" who would attempt to "buy up the State" was already falling across the northern boundary line of Newcastle County.

In 1877 John Edward Addicks, who was then a young married man and a well-to-do flour merchant of Philadelphia, became financially embarrassed, and found it necessary to reduce his expenditures and live, for a time, as economically as possible. He determined, therefore, to go out of the city and seek a residence in some small suburban village, where his housekeeping expenses would not be so great. He happened to have, in Philadelphia, a friend named Joseph Barnard Wilson, who lived in the Delaware village of Claymont, just across the Pennsylvania line, in the county of Newcastle. The wives of the two men were close friends, and it was probably through the influence of the Wilsons that Mr. Addicks bought, in Claymont, a country place of about eight acres known as "Riverview" (afterward called "Miraflores"), and, in 1877, went there with his wife and his daughter to live. In this manner he acquired a residence in the State of Delaware. He continued to do business in Philadelphia; but his home was in Claymont, and he went back and forth, night and morning, by train. In the Claymont house the Addicks family lived for a period of about eight years, maintaining close friendly relations all the time with their neighbors the Wilsons.

In 1885 Mr. Addicks, who in the meantime had acquired wealth as a speculator, promoter, and organizer of gas companies, closed his "Riverview" house at Claymont and moved with his family to Boston, where his business interests then centered. He had at that time manifested no Senatorial aspirations, and it is quite possible that he might have sold the Claymont house and given up his residence in Delaware if he had not felt a strong friendly interest in the Wilsons, and if Mr. Wilson had not died early in the following year. When that event occurred, Mrs. Wilson was left in rather straitened circumstances, and Mr. Addicks helped her out of her financial difficulties by paying her two hundred dollars a month for board, and going there to stay, for a day or two, whenever business called him to Philadelphia.

At the time of Mrs. Addicks's marriage, in 1869, her father, Washington Butcher, of Philadelphia, gave to her, as a wedding present, the furnished house No. 2115 Spruce Street, where she lived with her husband for a period of two or three

[1] This expression I found still in use in Kent and Sussex Counties. A man who sells his vote is said to "charge for" it; while a man who goes to the polls unbought, or without promise of reward, "votes his sentiments." Speaking of a certain exceptional citizen in Dagsboro, a Sussex County man said to me, "He doesn't charge anything for his vote; he votes his sentiments."

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years. In 1872 Mr. Addicks persuaded her to sell this house for $36,000 and let him have the money to put into his business, promising that in the near future he would give her other real estate of equal value. When they moved to Claymont, in 1877, he deeded to her the "Riverview" house, in partial fulfillment of this promise. On the 14th of April, 1888, however, about two years after the death of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Addicks induced his wife to deed the "Riverview" house in Claymont to Mrs. Wilson, in exchange for certain bonds left to the latter by her husband at his death. This deed will be found recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for Newcastle County, Deed Record I., Vol. 14, p. 509. It thus appears that in January, 1889, when Mr. Addicks came into Delaware politics as a candidate for the Senatorship, he did not own the "Riverview" place, which was supposed to be his residence; did not live in the State, except when he came to Claymont and boarded for a day or two at Mrs. Wilson's; and was actually a citizen and resident of Boston. When he was asked one day in Claymont, by a lady from Pennsylvania who happened to be visiting Mrs. Wilson, how he could run for the Senatorship in Delaware when he actually resided in Massachusetts, he replied, "Oh, I live here; I've got a bureauful of clothes upstairs."

In the fall of 1888, about six months after the transfer of the Claymont house to Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Addicks went to Europe, leaving his wife and daughter in Boston. Upon his return, in January, 1889, he called up Mrs. Addicks by long-distance telephone from the pier in New York, exchanged greetings with her, and said that he could not come to Boston at that time, for the reason that important business required his presence in Philadelphia. He thereupon went directly to Claymont, boarded for a few days at Mrs. Wilson's, then proceeded to Dover, where the State Legislature was in session, and there, upon the basis of "a bureauful of clothes" in the house of Mrs. Wilson at Claymont, he announced himself as a candidate from Delaware for the United States Senate.

When he made his appearance in the Hotel Richardson at Dover, he wore a silk hat and a fur-lined overcoat; he was accompanied by two or three showily dressed men whom nobody knew, and the party, as a whole, created in the quiet little capital something like a sensation. At first no one took Mr. Addicks or his pretensions seriously, and no one, apparently, discerned in him the skill, ability, and tenacity of purpose that he afterward manifested. He was regarded, by the people generally, with amusement and curiosity, as a new, exotic, and unfamiliar type of politician; but it was not thought for a moment that he could be dangerous or even formidable; and if it had been suggested, as a possibility, that he might eventually dominate the Republican party and hold up the State, the legislators who were voting for United States Senator that year would doubtless have laughed at the idea.

Mr. Addicks, however, had full confidence in his own methods and resources; and, without paying any attention to the attitude taken toward him by the people, he went promptly to work. The first thing he did was to secure what has since been called an "inventory" of the Legislature. Picking out a bright young law student, who had taken rather an active part in State politics, he said to him: "I have a matter that I want to put through the Legislature at this session, and I should like to get some information with regard to the character, circumstances, and antecedents of the legislators who will pass upon it. I am willing to pay liberally for this information, and I have sent for you in order to ask whether you can get it for me."

The young law student had never heard of Mr. Addicks, and knew nothing whatever of his character or purposes, but he was quite willing to do any honest work for liberal pay, and he therefore replied that he thought he could. Mr. Addicks then gave him a series of questions which he desired to have answered with reference to every Senator and Representative in the House of Assembly of that year. These questions were, in substance, as follows: Who is he? Where is he from? What is his age? Is he married or single? If married, how many children has he? Does he own any real estate? If so, are there any mortgages on it? What is he thought to be worth? (in money) and What are his habits and general reputation?

The young law student spent two weeks

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or more in getting the desired information, and when the answers to the questions were ready, he called upon his employer and submitted them. Mr. Addicks looked them over, said they were perfectly satisfactory, and asked the young man the amount of his bill for the service. The student replied that the work was of an unusual nature, and that he hardly knew what charge should be made for it. He had spent, however, about two weeks in getting and compiling the data, and if Mr. Addicks thought that seventy-five dollars was not an excessive charge, he himself would be quite satisfied with that amount. Mr. Addicks promptly drew and gave to the young man a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

The nature of the above questions indicates with sufficient clearness the use that Mr. Addicks intended to make of the information. He wanted, in the first place, to get from that Legislature a charter for the Bay State Gas Company of Boston; and, in the second place, he had decided to begin at once his campaign for the United States Senatorship. In order to attain the objects he had in view, by the methods with which he was most familiar, he needed information that would guide him to the legislators who could be most easily and safely "approached." A poor legislator, with a large family and a mortgage on his farm, would be more accessible, and would yield more readily to influences of a certain kind, than would a wealthy Senator or Representative whose property was not encumbered and whose checks at the bank were always good. That Mr. Addicks, as a matter of fact, did use this information in this way, and for the purposes indicated, I shall try hereafter to show. It is said that he has had an "inventory" of this sort compiled for every Legislature since 1889.

His next step was to get legal counsel to advise and help him in the matter of the Bay State Gas charter. Selecting one of the most eminent lawyers in the State, he called at the latter's office, introduced himself as J. Edward Addicks, and said: "Mr. D——, I am interested in a number of matters in Delaware with regard to which I may need legal advice, and I have called upon you for the purpose of retaining you as my leading counsel in this State. I wish to say to you, at the outset, that the fees you'll get from me will amount to more than all the rest of your business put together."

Mr. D——, who had never before heard of Mr. Addicks, but who was unfavorably impressed by this method of "approach," drew himself up with dignity and said: "You may stop right there, Mr. Addicks. I don't want any proposition or talk from you about compensation until after you have explained what services you expect me to render. If, when I shall have learned the nature of your business, I think best to act as your counsel, it will be time enough to discuss the subject of compensation." Mr. Addicks thereupon explained that his particular business at that time was to get through the Legislature a charter for the Bay State Gas Company of Boston. The lawyer asked to see the draft of the charter, and Mr. Addicks produced it. Mr. D—— looked through it hastily and then said: "The thing doesn't impress me favorably at first sight, Mr. Addicks, and I should like to have time to examine it and think about it."

"How much time do you want?"

"Three or four days; I'm going to Wilmington next Wednesday, and I'll try to give you an answer before that time."

A careful perusal of the proposed charter convinced Mr. D—— that it was thoroughly bad in form and in purpose, and when Mr. Addicks called upon him again, a few days later, he said to the latter: "I don't want to have anything to do with this charter, Mr. Addicks, for the reason that it seems to me improper, inconsistent with the public welfare, and opposed to what I regard as sound public policy. I must therefore decline to advise you with regard to it, and must also decline to act as your counsel in this or in any other matter." Mr. Addicks shortly afterward endeavored to secure the professional services of another eminent lawyer in Dover, who is well known both in and out of the State. This attempt also failed, and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, it was not until 1893 or 1894 that he succeeded in retaining as counsel a man in the first rank of the legal profession. Mr. Herbert H. Ward, the present Attorney-General of Delaware, acted for him in the divorce suit instituted by Mrs.

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Addicks, on statutory grounds, in 1894, and has since been his counsel in the Bay State Gas cases.[1]

What first suggested to Mr. Addicks the idea of seeking election to the United States Senate from Delaware, and what his underlying motives were, I do not know; but the opportunity presented itself when, for the first time in many years, the Republicans, in 1888, carried the State and got a majority in the Legislature. He was much more likely to succeed as a Republican candidate than as a nominee of the Democratic party; for the reason that a large part of the numerically strong and purchasable colored vote in the two lower counties was Republican. The negroes could hardly be induced, by any temptation, to support a Democrat; but their choice as between one Republican and another might be influenced by money.

Mr. Addicks probably had little expectation of being elected to the Senate in 1889; but he thought it expedient to begin his campaign then, make a study of the field, get hold of men who might be useful to him, and await developments. He sent one of his workers from Boston down into the southern part of the State to announce his candidacy, enlist influential adherents, and notify all whom it might concern that he was prepared to put up any necessary amount of cash. In that session of the Legislature, however, he had no adherent, unless, as he said in the Creelman interview, it was through his influence that Senator O. D. Moore cast the decisive vote for Anthony Higgins. There is no trustworthy evidence, so far as I know, that he spent any money in that Legislature, or in that year. His first contribution to a campaign fund was made in 1890, when, it is alleged, he gave the sum of $5,000 to the Kent County Democratic Committee,[2] with the understanding that the Democrats, or some of them, should help him with his Bay State Gas charter.

The Legislature to be elected in 1890 would not have a United States Senatorship to dispose of, so there was no particular object in trying to obtain control of it; but in 1892 Mr. Addicks made one of his characteristically adroit attempts to get hold of the Republican nominees to the Legislature from Sussex County by giving them money for their campaign expenses. A well-known citizen of Wilmington, whom Mr. Addicks had already secured, went down into Sussex County that fall with a satchel containing ten thousand dollars or more in cash. One Senator and seven Representatives were to be elected to the House of Assembly from Sussex County that year; and to every one of these eight Republican nominees the agent of Mr. Addicks offered the sum of one thousand dollars for personal campaign expenses. A well-informed and experienced chairman of the Sussex County Republican Committee informed me that two thousand dollars was the largest sum that could be expended in that county for legitimate political purposes; and yet the agent of Mr. Addicks was offering to the Republican nominees eight thousand dollars, to be used at their own discretion, in addition to the regular campaign fund of the county, which was ample. His expectation apparently was that these men, finding it impossible to spend all of the eight thousand dollars, would use a part of it and put the rest in their pockets. If they should do this, he would get hold of them and be able to intimidate them; and even if they should not misappropriate the money, the mere acceptance of it would put them, to a certain extent, in his power. All but three of the candidates took the cash and used it—for legitimate purposes, I sincerely trust! Three of them consented to take it but refused to spend it, and eventually turned it into the general county fund. One of the three, whom I shall call Mr. L——, gave his thousand dollars to the chairman of the Republican County Committee, in the presence of witnesses, and took a receipt for it. Some months later, after the election, Mr. L—— chanced to meet Mr. Addicks, Mr. Layton, and Mr. Allee in the office of the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General in Washington. As

[1] Mr. Addicks resisted his wife's attempt to get a divorce on statutory grounds, and she failed to obtain a decree. He subsequently allowed her, however, to get a divorce on the ground of desertion or non-support, and when he was free he married Mrs. Wilson.

[2] According to the statements of "three persons of integrity and character who have since made oath thereto," Mr. Addicks, in April, 1892, admitted that he gave this sum of $5,000 to the Democrats in order to help them elect their candidate for Governor (Robert J. Reynolds). The reason that he assigned was, "You know I had no interest in the Richardsons" (the Republican candidate for Governor and his father). This statement is abridged from the reply of the Republican State Committee of Delaware to a communication from J. Frank Allee, Chairman of the Union State Committee.

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the Delaware trio left the room, Mr. Addicks turned to Mr. L—— and said, loudly enough for all to hear, "L——, you'd better send me your check for that thousand dollars of mine." This was to give Mr. Bristow and others who were present the impression that Mr. L—— had taken a thousand-dollar bribe from Mr. Addicks, and had then refused to "deliver the goods" or return the money.

How much Mr. Addicks spent in bribery and vote-buying in 1892 cannot with certainty be stated; but such information as I have been able to get, taken in connection with a semi-public statement made by him personally in 1894, indicates that the sum was not less than seventy-five thousand dollars. This amount, moreover, does not include twenty-five thousand dollars used in getting through the Legislature his Bay State Gas charter. In 1894 he told a prominent Republican politician of Sussex County, in whom he had confidence, that it had cost him twenty-five thousand dollars to get that charter, but that he had cleaned up two million dollars in the Boston gas "deal." Precisely in what way the twenty-five thousand dollars had been used he did not explain.

It is said by the Addicks men generally, and by Dr. Layton and Dr. Marshall in particular, that in the years 1892, '93, and '94, when none of the old Republican leaders would put up the money that was needed for campaign expenses, Mr. Addicks threw himself into the breach, assumed the leadership, paid the taxes of fifteen hundred Republican voters who had practically been disfranchised in Kent and Sussex Counties by the Democratic delinquent tax law, and, generally, reorganized the party in the State, provided it with funds, and set it on its feet. For this service he thought he was fairly entitled to the United States Senatorship. On the other hand, ex-United States Senator Anthony Higgins says that "Mr. Addicks was brought into our affairs shortly before the election of 1892, after our taxes had been fully paid and a thorough organization of the party in the State had been made. After the taxes had been paid and the party had been organized, he came to snatch for himself the result—hoping to succeed to Senator Gray's seat, then becoming vacant."[1]

[1] Evening News, Wilmington, Del., November 19, 1902.

Who is right in this contention I shall not undertake to determine, but it seems to me fairly probable that, inasmuch as Mr. Addicks did put up a large sum of money in 1892, some of that money was used to pay the taxes of Republican voters who had been disfranchised by the operation of the delinquent tax law, as well as to pay for the "work" and "influence" that were needed to give the party fighting efficiency. Be that, however, as it may, Mr. Addicks's expenditures in 1892 brought no practical results, for the reason that National influences and tendencies gave rise that year to a Democratic tidal wave, which rolled over Delaware and carried into the House of Assembly twenty-eight Democratic legislators out of a total membership of thirty.

In 1894, however, there were manifest signs of a reaction in favor of the Republican party, and Mr. Addicks, seeing that there was an excellent prospect of again getting a Republican majority in the Legislature, determined to use a very considerable part of the money cleaned up in the Boston gas "deal" in securing the election of legislators who would vote for him as United States Senator.

One of the first things that he attempted to do was to get, as chairmen of the Republican committees in Kent and Sussex Counties, influential and experienced men, who might be trusted to put his money where it would do the most good. Upon looking over his "inventory" for that year, he found the name of a man in the southern part of the State who had had some political experience and training, but who was poor, and who at that particular time was rather hard pressed for money with which to educate his three sons. Mr. Addicks promptly sent for this man, and said to him, in substance, "Mr. N——, I'm trying to find somebody who is willing and able to look after my interests in Sussex County, and I have sent for you in order to make a proposition to you. It is quite likely that I shall start a new party before long, and I shall want a chairman for my committee in your county. If you'll go in with me, I'll give you a salary of $100 a month, appoint you Chairman of the Sussex County Committee, and put $100,000 to your credit for campaign expenses."

Mr. N—— was very much taken by

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surprise, and could only say that Mr. Addicks knew very little about him, and would hardly be justified in intrusting to a comparative stranger so large a sum as a hundred thousand dollars.

"That's all right!" replied Mr. Addicks; "I know what I'm about. I want somebody that will *stay* with me, and I'm told you're one of that kind."

Mr. N——, who had just borrowed five hundred dollars to pay the school expenses of his oldest son, was probably tempted by the offer; but he told the tempter, nevertheless, that he was not prepared, at that moment, to accept the proposition.

"Well," said Mr. Addicks, "if one hundred dollars isn't enough, I'll give you two hundred dollars a month and put a hundred thousand dollars to your credit."

Mr. N—— still held back, and replied that he could not act in such a matter without consideration.

"If you won't take two hundred dollars," persisted Mr. Addicks, "what will you take? Name your price."

Mr. N——finally declined to do anything more than consider the matter, and the interview closed.

In the spring of that same year (whether before or after the interview with Mr. N—— I do not know) Mr. Addicks is said to have come personally before the Sussex County Republican Committee, in the office of D. J. Layton, at Georgetown, with an offer to give them one hundred thousand dollars for campaign purposes, if they would nominate a ticket of legislators in that county who would vote for him as United States Senator. The gentlemen of the Committee, who were in favor of the re-election of Senator Higgins, declined to accept the proposition. Mr. Addicks, nevertheless, put thirty-three thousand dollars into the hands of the Committee that summer, thirty thousand dollars of which were spent in paying for "work," "influence," and votes. On the other hand, it is asserted by the Addicks men that the Democrats had a "corruption fund" of twenty-six thousand dollars that same year.

The State election in 1894 resulted in a sweeping Republican victory, the Republicans electing their Governor and Congressman, as well as nineteen out of the thirty members of the Legislature. Mr. Addicks regarded this victory as the result of his own efforts and expenditures, and had no doubt, apparently, that it would be followed by his election to the United States Senate. On the Thursday after the State election—that is, on the evening of November 8, 1894—a dinner was given at the house of Charles L. Moore, in Georgetown, Sussex County, to fourteen prominent Republicans from the southern part of the State. At that dinner Mr. Addicks made a speech in which, among other things, he said: "Well, boys, we've won! . . . I've bought it; I've paid for it; and I'm going to have it! It has cost me one hundred and forty thousand dollars!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Little Minister

By Florence Earle Coates

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
  Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
  Where forkèd lightnings fitful flare,
And petrels sound their stormy cry—

A dainty bluebell, sweet and shy,
Lifted its head complacently,
  As guarded by the tenderest care,
    Far up the crag.

And now, whenever fear draws nigh,
In thought I stand 'twixt sea and sky,
  And, as of old in my despair,
  I bless the Power that set it there—
That tiny thing with courage high,
    Far up the crag!

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A FIGHT FOR THE CITY

THE STORY OF A CAMPAIGN OF AMATEURS

BY ALFRED HODDER

Private Secretary to District Attorney Jerome

V.—The People's Cause

"OUR Grand Jury is debauched," Mr. Jerome affirmed, in the early days of the campaign. "I trust that no one in this audience will believe that I am saying this merely to make a startling statement. I am saying it in all calmness after years of observation of the Grand Jury system. Our whole Grand Jury system is debauched and rotten. Our Grand Juries are a mockery of justice.

"When I assert this, I know well that some of you will say, 'Oh, Jerome is a fanatic; he deals in overstatements.' But do any of you know how a Grand Jury is drawn? I do, for I have seen it often. A justice walks in, hat on head, cigar in mouth, and says to an attendant, 'The Grand Jury will now be drawn.' The clerk puts a number of slips with names on them into the disk, and spins it round. Then the slips are drawn, and a conversation of this sort takes place: 'John Harsen Rhoades, banker'—and the slip is put back. 'Patrick MacDougal, liquor-dealer'—'Ah, that's our man'—and MacDougal, the liquor-dealer, goes on the jury. That is a sample of the way Grand Juries are drawn under the existing government.

"Our Grand Juries might no doubt indict me. They won't indict anybody else. They refused to indict Gannon, the police captain we found sitting in the parlor of the Webster Hotel the night we raided it. The charge against Gannon was neglect of duty. The Grand Jury could not see that he had been negligent; yet the proprietors of the Hotels Dam and Jefferson, and thirty-one citizens living in the neighborhood of the Webster Hotel, had repeatedly petitioned Captain Gannon to stop the disorderly proceedings there. It was complained in the neighborhood that the disorder was so flagrant that old residents had been compelled to move away for the sake of their families. Yet Captain Gannon went his way unmoved, permitting the Webster Hotel to run in spite of all the protests of decent citizens; and why?

"Simply because he was getting the stuff for protecting it! He dares not deny this.

"We raided the hotel twice again after the raid on which we found Captain Gannon being entertained by the proprietor in the back parlor. But what is the result? The Webster Hotel is doing business at the same old stand, and the wives and daughters of citizens passing there or living in the neighborhood are exposed nightly to the insults of bad men and bad women, so that a man dares not take his wife or daughter past its doors except in a carriage. Yet the Grand Jury refused to find an indictment against Captain Gannon. What can you expect in your municipal government when there is corruption such as this in your Grand Juries?" [1]

Mr. Jerome himself was as explicit in attack as he had been in his proposals for reform. He was far from naming such persons and such bodies only as among reformers it had become customary and even obligatory to name. He named, as has been seen, the Grand Jury, he named the City Council, he named the Supreme

[1] Captain Gannon was last month dismissed from the police force, and, prosecuted by the District Attorney, was convicted by a jury in the criminal court of criminal malfeasance in office.

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Court, he named the hidden powers behind the Supreme Court.

There were already in the Supreme Court, in Mr. Jerome's opinion, men whose honesty could not be trusted; and he dealt as boldly with the question of their honesty as with the question of their learning. He did so at his peril. "I know well," he said, "what all these statements mean to me if I am defeated and go back to private practice; but I do not mean to be deterred by that. There are certain men in the Supreme Court deserving all our respect and honor; there are certain men deserving neither respect nor honor. I am saying only what is known and currently commented on by members of the bar. At a meeting of the Bar Association I heard a lawyer say (and he mentioned the man's name) that there is a judge in the Supreme Court who is a tout for Richard Croker's insurance company. His words have never been challenged by that judge. To me, indeed, it seems that he was liable to punishment for contempt of court; but what he said has never yet been challenged. It is an appalling thing that any doubt should rest upon the honor of any judge of the Supreme Court." "Ask any honest lawyer," he said later, "how certain justices of the Supreme Court were nominated. Ask the members of the bar if they do not have to pick and choose between justices in any matter that affects the interests of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company." And, again: "I tell you there are judges in the Supreme Court in this county of New York of whom it is true that the most potent influence behind them is the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which put them where they are. Ask any lawyer in large practice in this city who knows what the courts are, and he will tell you I am speaking the truth—the absolute truth."

If a distinction may be drawn between enthusiasm and attention, Mr. Jerome's audiences grew more and more attentive. The average American is somewhat cynically indifferent to venality in the subordinate members of the administration, but he is sensitive to anything that touches the integrity of the judiciary. The depredations of the unofficial licenser he feels that he can afford to suffer; the sponge story, the lemon story, the cravat story, were received with tumults of delighted recognition, but they aroused more mirth than wrath. With the police and their superiors he feels his own concern to be remote. But in every contract that he makes and in every credit that he gives he relies on the machinery of justice. He becomes uneasy at the notion that even a trial jury can be bought and sold; that a grand jury can be packed, that a Supreme Court can be tampered with, are statements before which he loses his last semblance of levity. Mr. Jerome spoke with a convincing accent of certainty and gravity; his audiences grew grave; the party managers on his own side grew more and more dismayed. What gave them pause was not the attack upon the courts, it was the attack upon the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. Mr. Whitney and his colleagues were accustomed to abstain from party politics; it was to their obvious interest to remain upon good terms with either party that might chance to have the upper hand. It was to the obvious interest of either party at the moment of election to be upon good terms with men who might well exercise so strong a vote-controlling power. On the 24th of October the New York "World" announced the formal adhesion of Mr. Whitney to the Tammany side; in an open letter he assured the Tammany candidate for the mayoralty of his support. His neutrality was plainly a neutrality between the two great standing parties, not between either standing party and a party of thorough-paced reform. His decision plainly had been taken because of the growing probability of the victory and of the thoroughgoingness of the party of reform. The newspapers were, many of them, of the opinion that by his decision the probability of that victory had been diminished or destroyed. The party managers of the Fusionists, many of them, held it for the time being their best hope that he might after all preserve a practical neutrality—that his support of Tammany might prove to be a formal and perfunctory support. Mr. Jerome, on the contrary, saw an opportunity to make good on his promises. He had spoken in public bitterly enough of the pernicious influence in public affairs of men like Mr. Devery and Mayor Van Wyck, of men whose acquaintance and personal friends

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were not his acquaintance and personal friends, of men who were bound by neither social nor financial ties to his fellow-clubmen. In a spirit of even justice, in the consummation of his experiment in fearlessness and veracity, he determined to deal in utter freedom of speech with the men of power and leading in Wall Street and in the brownstone districts no less than with the men of power and leading in the City Hall and in the slums; with Mr. Whitney and Senator Platt no less than with Mr. Devery and Mayor Van Wyck.

"Is it any wonder," said Mr. Jerome, "that Mr. Whitney should at last come forward publicly upon the side of Mr. Shepard, when the platform on which Mr. Low is running contains a plank in favor of taxation of public franchises?—not, indeed, of any anarchistic scheme of confiscation under pretext of taxation, but of a just system of taxation by which those deriving benefits from public franchises should pay the people a fair price for benefits derived? Is it any wonder that Mr. Whitney and the interests he represents should be arrayed against the Fusion party, when they know that if they can defeat it they can buy their way as heretofore, and that if it cannot be defeated they cannot buy their way?"

"There has come into this campaign," he said to another audience that same evening, "an element so significant that I intend to say no word in any public place to-night except on this new theme. In its importance it very far transcends the brutal ruffianism of Devery and the blackmail levied by captains of police. It may seem to you far less picturesque and interesting, it may evoke no cheers—but cheers are useless things. If you will take the remembrance of it home with you, it will gradually assume the same importance in your mind that it bears in mine.

"This new element is the support given publicly by William Whitney to Edward Shepard. The support given by Mr. Whitney is support given by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; the intervention of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is the intervention of the money power. It means that money will be spent at this election as money has been spent to buy our City Council and to buy our Legislature and to buy our Supreme Court. It means that the results of this election are in so far endangered. So vast are the resources of Mr. Whitney and the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, so strong is money ruthlessly expended, that the newspapers are loud in comment on the value of the reinforcement brought to Tammany, and my campaign managers are pleading with me to say no word of Mr. Whitney or the Metropolitan Street Railway Company that may provoke them to direct their vast resources more heavily against our side. My campaign managers, for aught I know, are right in the matter of expediency. I never have known anything about electioneering, and I am not here to play a game I do not know. I am here to play the only game I know—the game of telling the truth. If by telling the truth I lose the fight—why, later, there will be another fight. But to me it seems that nothing could have served so well to show the real nature of the fight in which we are engaged as just this support given openly to Tammany by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. There are many people in this city who love Tammany because they have been told that Tammany is the poor man's friend. There are not many people in this city who love the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; and this avowed support of Tammany by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company comes just in time to show the blindest who the friends of Tammany really are. The grafter never yet was working in the interest of the poor and honest man; he is certain to be working in the interest of the man that has the stuff. And that is why the fight for a dishonest administration never can be a people's fight. If anybody has been weak enough to fancy that there may be dishonest politicians whose dishonesty is for the people's profit, let him disabuse himself. The dishonest politician is certain to be working with the richest grafter whose spoils he has a chance to share; and in this country the richest grafters are the rich corporations that rob the people of their rights. The fight against the grafters now in office is a fight against the money power. Don't misunderstand me. I don't want your vote under false pretenses. Don't take me for an Anarchist or any other clap-

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trap fellow trying to bid for votes. There is no judge upon the bench and no private citizen who has stood more steadily than I, within the limits of such power as I could exercise, for the sanctity of property. I am not attacking corporations simply as corporations. I believe that in the present economic organization of society corporations are absolutely necessary to carry on the business of this or any other community; I believe that without them it would be impossible to bring together the great aggregations of capital that in the economic world are necessary to the winning of your bread and mine. I am not even attacking trusts. They may be expedient, they may be inexpedient; I believe that they are inevitable developments of the conditions of the modern economic world, and that we shall learn to manage them so that they shall serve the people's interests, as we have learned to manage other facts and forces of the material world. I do not believe in subjecting corporations to any form of extortion, legal or illegal. They have their rights; other people have theirs. But when their vast resources are expended to gain possession of our Legislatures and our courts, and even our ballot-boxes, then it is time to call a halt; then it is time to spring to the defense of our rights against the money power. You can call a halt by your ballots, if you will, the sixth of next November; you can never call a halt by criticism and comment. Criticism and comment take as little hold on corporations as on politicians. The giving and the taking of bribes are criminal offenses; you can call a halt by voting for an equal and impartial enforcement of the law."

"The little looters!" he exclaimed at still another meeting that evening: "what are they to the octopus that holds the whole city in its grasp? I have at heart the suppression of vice in this city; I have at heart the suppression of crimes of violence in this city; I have at heart the suppression of public gambling in this city; but far more deeply than any or all of these, I have at heart the liberation of this city from the power that systematically corrupts its public service—corrupts the courts, corrupts the Legislature, corrupts the City Council, and seeks to keep in power against the people's will such men as it has found it can corrupt." Evening after evening he reiterated the same charges, evening after evening the applause swelled louder. But on October 30th, without the smallest warning to any friend or counselor, he began the chief speech of the night with words which to the minds of all his friends spelled ruin. It was one thing to attack Mr. Whitney: Mr. Whitney was, when all was said, a Democrat, and a Democrat already formally enlisted on the side of the Democratic political machine. The fusion was a fusion of the whole Republican party with a portion of the Democratic; the political machine on which the Fusionists relied was the Republican machine. The mainspring of the Republican machine, supposedly or actually, was Thomas Platt. "There is a man by the name of William Whitney," Mr. Jerome said that evening, as the beginning of his speech in Lyric Hall, "and there is a man by the name of Thomas Platt, and the man named William Whitney and one Ryan of evil State Trust fame met to-day; and they conferred; and when they had conferred they sent for Thomas Platt, and Thomas Platt went to that office. He is a man more accustomed to send for others than to go to them. He went up in the back elevator, and was taken to the private room of William Whitney, and then William Whitney and Thomas Ryan, who had been waiting in the office of the Morton Trust Company, went to the room where Thomas Platt was, and they conferred.

"Now, I have no use and never have had any use for Thomas Platt, any more than for Richard Croker or for William Whitney, and I tell you this to-night because it serves to show you how things stand, and because I believe that if the people of New York knew really how things stand, they would arm our hands at this election against corruption both Democratic and Republican.

"It may be that they conferred about the parallax of Jupiter or the dark side of the moon, but they didn't. It may be that Mr. Whitney talked with Mr. Platt about the Philippine Islands, but he didn't. He talked, as I believe, with Mr. Platt about the District Attorneyship of the County of New York. Mr. Whitney's memory is not so short that it

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cannot go back to the days, scarcely a year ago, of the State Trust Company, when a loan of $2,000,000 was made to D. F. Shea, an office-boy of Thomas Ryan, though that loan was forbidden by the State of New York, and was, in consequence, a criminal transaction.

"It is no new thing, the alliance between Tammany Hall grafters and Republican grafters—or do you think that graft is a monopoly of Tammany Hall? Do you think the rule of Thomas Platt is any better than the rule of Richard Croker, except that the one may be compared to petty larceny and the other to grand larceny? I have had occasion to know something of the power of bosses in this city, and I have seen the fair fame of the city prostituted year after year by infamous collusion between the persons who misrepresent the Republican party and the persons who misrepresent the Democratic party. It is no new thing, the alliance between the bosses upon either side and the alliance between those bosses and the money power. But do you realize what that alliance means? There are sincere men, and I am one of them, who believe the principles of the Democratic party essential to the welfare of the country; there are sincere and loyal men, and many of them, who believe the principles of the Republican party essential to the welfare of the country. Such men must fight it out together at the polls, and may be content to fight it out together loyally, with a true, square count. But in the meanwhile in a back room there sit in conference a little group of men who have control of the elections and decide the questions we contend about, with no regard to principles at all."

That speech in Lyric Hall was given under the auspices of a local Republican organization. The audience enjoyed it, but the faces on the platform went white with dismay at the first mention of Senator Platt. The chairman, who had said the prettiest words he could command a few minutes before and sat down smiling, looked as if he had just discovered that some one had been making a fool of him. He was a big man, with a big face that lent itself to angry expression; he had the aspect of a disappointed, savage bulldog, held back by a collar and chain from a go at his natural prey. The foolishest faces on the platform were those of Mr. Jerome's own party. They sought one another's eyes for a time in mute amazement. Finally they found speech—in whispers. "It looks as if I had seen a man commit suicide," said one; "he is either a martyr or a hero." "Suicide! He has killed the whole ticket along with himself. Why didn't you stop him off?" This inquiry was addressed to the writer, because he had happened to be alone with Mr. Jerome in the carriage when he arrived at Lyric Hall. The notion of stopping him off from saying anything he had made up his mind to say, which would in any case have been amusing, was in this case the more so since he had not dropped a word of his intention to name Senator Platt. He had said only, as we neared our destination, "Hodder, I am going to put the fat in the fire." I said that I was not surprised, that he had been doing nothing from the beginning of the campaign but put the fat in the fire. "It makes small difference," he answered, with an accent of brooding meditation that was by no means usual with him, "whether Low and I be elected; it is important only that some one have the pluck to tell the people the truth;" and he jumped out of the carriage.

There was nothing improbable or even unusual in the sort of understanding between political adversaries which Mr. Jerome was thus ascribing to Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney: it was precisely because such compacts are become a commonplace of politics, and yet are unfamiliar to the public, that this one with overwhelming force seemed to him to point a moral and to symbolize a danger. It is between the rank and file of either party that there obtains in matters politic a warfare to the death. The leaders on either side—not the orators, but the true leaders, the men who govern the machine, the men who constitute the power behind the throne—are for the most part on amicable terms. The Republican machine is to all intents and purposes a trust; the Democratic machine is to all intents and purposes a trust; like other trusts, they pool. When the Republicans come into power, most offices, but by no means all, go to Republicans; when the Democrats come into power, most offices, but by no means all, are given to Democrats; the distribution

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of places is arranged by conference between the opposing powers. Before election the distribution of votes is not infrequently arranged in the same manner: one candidate is sacrificed to save or to defeat another candidate of more importance. In the last days of the campaign precisely such a compromise was openly attempted and enjoined by Tammany for the defeat of Mr. Jerome. The instructions that went out from Tammany headquarters were to trade votes in any manner that would keep the District Attorney's office safe. That the District Attorney's office should be friendly, or at least quiescent, is a matter of supreme necessity to all the systematic violators of the law; it is necessary, not indeed for their immunity—the District Attorney is far enough from being omnipotent—but for their peace of mind. Witnesses may be suborned or else removed, be the District Attorney and his staff never so active or so vigilant; juries and judges still may intervene between the offenders and the law. But between the indictment and the verdict, and even between the beginning of the investigation and the formulation or abandonment of the indictment, the violators of the law are sure to pass unquiet hours. It is worth to them whatever it may cost to go their wonted way in peace.

The next morning there were published interviews with Senator Platt and Mr. Whitney denying that they had been recently in conference, and newspapers which had given Mr. Jerome steady support dealt in unfriendly criticism. Men who had worked for him and candidates on the ticket with him visited his headquarters with long faces. Word came that Senator Platt had given orders that he should not be permitted to speak in any hall controlled by the Republican organization until he had publicly recanted and apologized. Practically every one held him to blame for two things: for sacrificing a notable career for himself, and for jeoparding even his associates on the ticket, both for a freak of temper. I set these things down because they place in high relief the fact that the men who are to reform American politics must be prepared at times to stand alone. I asked Mr. Jerome that same day what had, in his own eyes, justified him in making that speech. His offhand reply was: "If Platt wants a fight, he can get it. I was not going to wait for him to strike the first blow. I do not want public office badly enough to be a puppet in the hands of any man or set of men. I am not making this campaign to win out as District Attorney; I am making it to tell the people of New York the things they ought to know." Later in the day there came to visit him at headquarters a man in whose integrity he was known to have implicit confidence, commissioned to assure him that to his personal knowledge there had been at the conference in question or elsewhere no consultation or agreement between Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney with regard to any political matter whatsoever. That the secret conference had taken place was by this informant not explicitly denied. There are persons who still affirm themselves to have good and sufficient reason to believe that the subject of the conference was in fact precisely that declared by Mr. Jerome, and that a conspiracy was in fact defeated by being brought so soon and so audaciously to light. Mr. Jerome himself accepted his informant's word. "I have received assurances," he said that night at his first public meeting, "from a gentleman who is in a position to know, and in whose honor and integrity I believe, that at the conference of which I spoke last night there was no discussion between Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney of any matter bearing on this election. These statements I accept. I am satisfied from the assurances that I have received to-day that the Republican organization in this city will loyally support the whole ticket—the whole ticket, without exception; and that the returns on election day will show this support to have been given. To this extent I qualify what I have said, and to this extent only. What I have said, as it touches the broad facts and issues of our politics, I stand for, if I stand alone."

The attack on Senator Platt and Mr. Whitney was in a manner the turning-point of the campaign. For Mr. Jerome himself it was a turning-point. In the attack on Senator Platt he had at last given complete expression to his own conception of the essential nature of the

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state of things to be reformed. He had made appeal to those, and to those alone, by whom alone, as he believed, it could be lastingly reformed. He had made appeal to the unattached, plain man. He had grown weary of inveighing against Tammany and only Tammany. The Tammany administration was corrupt; he had fought and was fighting with a will to have it overthrown. He was far from dreaming that the battle of reform would have been won when Tammany was overthrown. He knew well that in Tammany lay neither the sole root nor the sole fruit of the administrative lie. He knew well that no system different in essentials from that of Tammany ever has existed, or will ever enduringly exist, under the sway of the administrative lie. The government of the city, he had repeatedly declared, was in the hands of a gang of criminals; it is an exact description, from a legal point of view, of illegal licensers and liberal enforcers of a mendacious law. Besides the gang of criminals actually in power, there is sure to be at least one other gang of criminals that has been and still desires to be in power. As against the plain people, there was to his thinking a natural alliance between the rival gangs, as also between whatever gang might chance to be in power and the richest violators of the law. The difficulty lay in bringing home to the plain man the fact of this alliance and its scope; the difficulty lay in rousing the plain man to a sense of his own interest in the strife and to a sense of his own power. The hostile intervention—the at least apparent hostile intervention—of Senator Platt, the open hostile intervention of Mr. Whitney, had given him his opportunity, without departing from the question of the hour, to make appeal with passionate explicitness to the plain man against the plain man's natural foes. The attack on Senator Platt had been to the plain man a convincing proof that here was not the ordinary office-seeker, with a loud voice and much to say of the iniquities of those upon the other side. The applause that in a virtually Republican mass-meeting rewarded the attack upon the party chief of the Republicans was a convincing proof that the plain man in every party was prepared to stand by the man he found that he could trust. There had been applause for Mr. Jerome, and vehement applause, from first to last whenever he appeared; but never such applause as when he struck into a course in which it was supposed that he would find himself alone.

Those who were about Mr. Jerome in the few remaining days of the campaign must often have had running in their minds the well-worn lines descriptive of the "happy warrior;" he, too, was "happy as a lover," and was "fired with sudden brightness, like a man inspired." His energies, astonishing before, seemed quadrupled; he spoke at even more meetings, he spoke longer; what his speeches lost in picturesque detail they gained in impetus and scope. In every speech he pressed home his appeal to the plain man. In the very experiences, the very preoccupations, that had seemed to separate him from the generality of men, he found a vital ground of unity with the plain people of the land. There is small difference of opinion concerning the main outlines and enactments of the criminal law. There is small difference even of feeling, except as feeling may be found dishonorably inert or honorably strong. In the broad lines laid down by the criminal law he found the lines of demarcation between the party of the criminal and the party of the plain people of the land.

"They tell me," he said, in response to his applauders at the Murray Hill Lyceum, "that I should have made none of the speeches I have lately made. They tell me I have been needlessly arraying against our cause great and powerful enemies. But I judge your hearts by mine, and I think that there are enemies whom it rejoices and exalts and fortifies men's hearts to encounter face to face. I think that the great corporate interests that have entered into a corrupt alliance with corrupt politicians to despoil the people of this city of their rights have not waited until these last days of the campaign to know which side to fight on, and that it is for the people of this city of the last importance, and animating and invigorating and well-omened, to know at last beyond a peradventure on what side those interests mean to fight. In finding them

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arrayed against us we find arrayed against us interests which the hearts of men love to defeat."

"By happy force of circumstance," Mr. Jerome said on November 2 at Cooper Union, "this campaign has grown in visible importance since the day it was opened in this hall until to-night. Its issues have been defined more and more imposingly, until they have been seen to merge themselves in one great issue, not whether this or that man is the better, not whether this or that man is less vile than in his public actions he seems to show himself to be, but whether the American people is fit to rule itself under democratic institutions. We have had as yet only a hundred years of so-called self-government, and we are just attaining our full growth as a Nation; and the hour of our trial is at hand.

"Within the memory of man there has been no campaign fought on the line of this campaign, and if at the election it is not plain beyond a doubt that we have had the people with us, I believe that there is no man here to-night who will live long enough to see a great campaign fought on these lines again. There has been implicit faith put in the plain people; there has been not one single word uttered that is not absolutely true; we have fought a clean fight, every one of us, from start to finish; and it is for the plain people of this city to decide what shall be the outcome of our fight.

"Not that in my heart I have one instant's fear of a defeat. I believe with all my heart, unswervingly and absolutely, that the plain people Abraham Lincoln trusted to the end of his magnificent career are to be relied on now as then to see the fact and do the right. I have been taught, boy and man, that rectitude means something; that on it, in their hour of trial, human beings may rely. I may be young and an enthusiast, as they tell me; but I have had time to know all sorts and conditions of men in this great country, and I have had time to read nearly every word the fathers of this country ever spoke or ever wrote; and the wise men may be right who tell me that I am doomed to disappointment; but I do not think I am. The plain people are slow to judge, and rightly; they are slow to act, and rightly; but here in this city they have had before their eyes for long years the actions and the lives of the gang of criminals that rules it, and I think the fullness of the hour is come.

"There is no controversy possible about the acts of the administration that we have been living under; there is a question only whether acts like those shall be continued and condoned. And I believe that God Almighty placed in all men's hearts a clean-cut line between right and wrong; and that when an appeal is grounded, not on this man's merits or on that man's merits, but on those eternal laws that will remain immutable when you and I and all of us are gone, the hearts of English-speaking men throughout the habitable globe are certain to respond."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

They Keep His Memory Green

By Robert Truslow

In days of old, as legends tell,
By ancient fane and holy bell
There dwelt a saint all men loved well,
Good Bishop Valentine.

Three maidens fair within his see
There were, and hapless lovers three,
For, by paternal stern decree,
Each girl remained alone.

The maids were caged in towers high,
Their fathers let no youth draw nigh;

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So youths and maids could only sigh,
For writing was unknown.

Relief for love in such a plight
The holy man sought day and night,
In sorrow at the piteous sight,
Till help he could divine.

At length he hit upon a plan
By which an absent lover can
Avow his passion like a man,
With none to say him nay.

In short, the saint invented ink—
A sheepskin smooth the scroll, I think—
He passed them over with a wink;
A goose supplied the quill.

So, on the saint's own festal day,
The postman staggers on his way
'Neath reams of tender roundelay;
No doubt he always will.

Thus lovers keep his memory green.
Such constancy is strange, I ween,
But youth is fond and love is keen;
So runs the world away.

The Unconquerable Habit

By Theodore T. Munger

THE finest line in Emerson's greatest poem, "The Problem," is: "Himself from God he could not free." In itself it has no poetic merit, but it is the key-word that solves the problem which ever vexes the mind of man until it is referred to God. Emerson, in these oft-quoted lines, sets forth the greatest achievements of man and of nature as well, and explains their wonder by putting each one in some relation to the world of the spirit. The scope, the splendor, the insight of the poem are immense. It vindicates what we have called the unconquerable habit of prayer. Whatever great thing is done, is done through God.

In order to put the same truth in like relation to personal life, we place beside it a once familiar hymn by Mrs. Phœbe Brown:

I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care.

It is infinitely below Emerson's great lines in poetic value, but far above them in meeting conscious human necessity. Its meaning is lost in its homely simplicity and the very depth of its humility. Emerson's central thought is overwhelmed by the splendor of the entire poem. Together they cover the two sides of prayer—one, the unconquerable sense of God; the other, the unappeasable desire to commune with God.

Nothing is more deeply wrought into us than the instinct of prayer. No matter what first prompts it: let the theories go, and trust the fact; pray man always has, and pray he always will. Some astonished reader who has not breathed or thought a prayer since childhood may quote himself as the refutation of this assertion. Nevertheless, there will come a time when he will pray, even if in some extreme moment it be but "the upward glancing of an eye." Still, it must be confessed that man is so wonderfully wrought that he can turn upon himself and extirpate his highest faculty or put it

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to a sleep that seems death; nature has room for monstrosity. The habit of prayer is a part of the contents of human nature. We may toss it out of the window of science or of metaphysics, but it will come back. We may let it lie, a forgotten thing, in some corner of our house; or set it down as a superstition and quote as proof its prevalence among the benighted the world over—as if universality were not the infallible sign of a truth; all this may be, still from God ourselves we cannot free, even if we never steal away from our cumbering cares to commune with him. Prayer has fuller expression among the untaught because there is a simpler play of nature; instinct more freely asserts itself—like the motions of the babe at its mother's breast; but these instincts are the roots of our strongest passion. The immense variety of its forms is the pledge of its reality. What is universal is absolute. It may sink to such a depth as prayer-wheels and numbering rosaries, or rise to the ecstasy of St. Agnes as she sends her breath to heaven on her frosty eve; it may run into all sorts of vagaries; but one simple fact is clear all the way through—man will pray, and will not suffer himself to be kept from it. If it is sometimes gross; if it misses the idea of importunity, and lapses into thinking that it will be heard for much speaking, or that if simultaneous it has special power; or if it clothes itself in ritual robes that seem to smother its breath, still its central character is not lost: it is still humanity bowing before its Creator and turning to its eternal and infinite Friend.

It is a poor question to ask, Is prayer for gain, or does it gain anything? Does it spring out of weakness or fear? Poor questions because they overlook the poverty and weakness of humanity as it turns to its only possible helper. Prayer is as natural and simple as the cry of young ravens to God for their food. The correlation of prayer to humanity, rising out of simple and unmeaning forms and growing rational as man advances toward his ideal, until at last he cries, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," is a fact with which we must settle before turning it over to mere piety, or dropping it out of our lives.

It is strange that the beauty of prayer is so overlooked by present-day thought. The poet never misses it. In the long run the poets win the great human verdicts. What they bind remains fast. They know that the beautiful is the true. In all ages and the world over, the bowed head, the bended figure, the folded hands, the upturned eyes, have not only commanded reverence but stirred a sense of mingled charm and awe as if some mystery were unfolding. The artist studies the picture long, for he is never deceived by a fiction, nor does he stop to admire unreality. When one chances—as may happen in other lands—to pass a wayside shrine where a poor woman has bowed to pray for her sick child, or an old man stops to rest both body and soul, one's heart joins in the prayers, whatever the head may think of it—from God ourselves we cannot free. The prayers make the ground holy where we stand, and the trees glow with indwelling Deity.

There is a verse in the New Testament that one cannot read—if he will pause a moment upon it—without a sense first of wonder and then of awe: "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." We are accustomed to-day to think of Christ as a divine humanist. Whatever else we may believe, we are agreed upon this: he was humanity itself at work with every faculty—no mystic, no debater in the schools, but a servant of humanity down to the last detail of service, the busiest and the most practical of men, always among the people, and apparently with no thought but for them. Not wholly so, however. Service was his passion; but he had another passion—a passion for God. The calm ecstasy of a vision of God was upon him, and he could not break it until day dawned, when—full of God—he went down to his work again. We are here not in the region of miracle, nor even of religion as we name it, but of pure and perfect humanity—doing the thing most natural and most necessary to itself. To pray is natural. To fail in it is to fall short of humanity—not utterly, perhaps, but to miss its glory and its strength.

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The Teaching of English[1]

THE Gradgrind philosophy which sets a value only on facts and tangible realities, which would cultivate only the motives of reason and self-interest, Dickens, long ago, in "Hard Times," reduced to the absurd. And yet the dominance of the scientific influence in our modern education, in some regards, has resulted in a subtle and drastic application of this Gradgrind philosophy. Science presents only one of the dual visions of life, and it can educate but a part of the human mind. When restricted to its own legitimate field, it is a beneficent factor in the highest education, but when uncompensated by the things that appeal to the heart and the imagination, it is likely to produce disciples of the Gradgrind school. Man cannot live by bread alone.

In former times the humanities were taught largely by the study of Latin and Greek, and in these literatures were found those ideals of culture that minister to the spirit. Of late, Latin and Greek, alas! have come under the incantations of the scientific spell, and they have lost, in large measure, their humanitarian prestige and power. So much so, in fact, that in that grim stronghold of conservatism, Oxford University, the policy of dropping Greek from the requirements is at present under very serious consideration.

It is at this point of readjustment, when science seems unduly in evidence, when the classical sources of influence are passing with the gods into the twilight of obsolescence, that the apostles of the humanities have turned to English as a champion of their cause; and from the present outlook, English, so long neglected, because, it was argued, it should be absorbed rather than taught, will soon take the place of primacy among the humanitarian branches of learning. The battle is on; it is being fought in the class-room of school and college, and the growing enthusiasm among teachers and scholars is the best sign of promise.

Mr. Percival Chubb, in his volume, "The Teaching of English,"[1] is the historian of the struggle and an ardent director of the tactics. No one can read this book without being impressed by the rare personality of the author. He writes with the zeal that indicates a dedication to a noble calling, and in that broad spirit of tolerance that loves science not less, but English more. He has that most desirable of virtues, a militant "sweet reasonableness," and he pleads his case with the fine discernment of one chosen for a mission. The teaching of English he conceives to be valuable "for its large culture values, and above all for its character values—for the spiritual enlargement, clarification, and discipline of young hearts and minds and wills which are to be touched to the finer issues of its potent ministry." He looks to English, for the future, as the most effective force in the higher education.

The school children, in his view, should be treated as "primitive little people." And as the ancient races fed their consciousness on nature and folk-lore, before the coming of science and philosophy, as they lived in their imagination rather than their reason, so, in the instruction of the child, the first stress should be on the literary and the poetic, and not on the mere utilitarian facts of knowledge. The epic interest of the heroic, the love of things out-of-doors, the saving hygienic relish for humor—these the author would select for the cultivation of the immature mind. The discipline of the reason and application of the laboratory methods, now so much in vogue, he would defer until the child, like the fresh, unspoiled children of the forest, has acquired, through the healthy development of the imagination, that roseate hue of vision which makes him the "best philosopher, the eye among the blind."

Mr. Chubb desires some changes in the kindergartens. In their striving for simplicity, like Wordsworth's unsteady muse, they have often indulged in simpleness. Too often the kindergarten has introduced "doggerel for poetry and tum-tumminess for music." In its endeavor to exclude the questionable, it has cut out the pith and marrow, and has crippled the good

[1] *The Teaching of English.* By Percival Chubb. The Macmillan Co., New York.

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old stories by unwise editing. "The shadows of tragedy and pathos have been dispelled, and a world of vulgar high lights substituted: Red Riding Hood has been surgically rescued from the wolf's stomach, the Children in the Wood have been saved and respectably married, and, in short, ethical and artistic violence done to much legend and myth that has embodied the higher instinctive wisdom of the race. To such an inane, gingerbread world has the child who knows cut fingers and stubbed toes been introduced. Because he quails before darkness, we turn on the lights, and always keep them burning." He opposes the kindergarten surgery that lops off and maims. He would choose the good old things, and let them stand.

In America the teacher of English, the writer notes, faces an indigenous problem. Teachers of mathematics, of geography, and other branches can sow their seed on virgin soil without fear of counteracting influences. But in the case of the native tongue the teacher must offset the constant effects of a more or less inimical social environment. The Americans lack linguistic conscience; they have little pride of language form. The pupil who is taught correct speech a few hours a day in school returns to a world, and often to a home, that adopts cheap colloquialisms and vulgar slang with easy virtue, and that inevitably soils the linguistic ideals of the class-room. The pupil thus reverts insensibly to illiteracy, after the model of his elders, and leads a life of Jekyll and Hyde dualism in the matter of language.

For this reason Mr. Chubb urges the necessity upon parents of co-operating with the teacher. His book, although addressed to the profession, should be read by all those guardians who wish to do their whole duty by their wards; for even a passing study will put them in touch with that work in our primary and high schools which is most directly influential upon character.

The recent epidemic of interest in all things American has not been confined to writers of fiction. Histories of our literature have lately appeared in goodly numbers, sufficiently so to indicate that we are now truly in the midst of a revival of American learning. One of the latest of these books is by Professor Sears, of Brown University.[1] A feature of his volume is a happy combination of a series of illuminating criticisms and illustrative extracts. The style is brilliant, although sometimes a little self-conscious and strained, and the method of treatment throws emphasis on periods of our literature which have hitherto been passed with a glance. The first part of the book, the review of the Colonial production, is decidedly the most striking, for in it the author has aroused a curiosity for what is usually neglected as a field rank with useless weeds. It is a difficult matter to arouse an interest in the forgotten dead. But Professor Sears has written of our Colonial historians and diarists so contagiously that the reader is inoculated with the antiquarian's enthusiasm for the shelved and dusty volumes of our ancestors. The characteristics of the Puritan literature, he remarks, are a mixture of force, piety, enterprise, and bad grammar. At first it was pietistic, then polemic, and finally pugilistic. The writers lived life so intensely that "all the details stand in the foreground like a Japanese landscape."

The latter part of the book, which deals with the writers of accepted standing, is less noteworthy. Professor Sears is more safe and traditional than Mr. Barrett Wendell; yet, it must be observed, he is always interesting. The union of these qualities makes his book an admirable one for academic use. In fact, for advanced classes it is the most adequate history of American literature that the reviewer has ever read. It has all the necessary virtues in moderation.

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[1] *American Literature in its Colonial and National Periods.* By Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50, net.

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Agnosticism. By Robert Flint. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 664 pages. $2, net.

Dr. Flint's eminence among representative writers upon Theism commands attention to his treatment of Agnosticism. No writer that we are aware of has treated it so amply and thoroughly as here. Its history, erroneous views of it, its distinguished representatives, its various forms, its relation to various subjects, are successively discussed both critically and constructively, so as to illuminate the validity of theistic belief. In this process much wood, hay, and stubble in the work of Christian theologians is swept away. It is a severe judgment that is passed upon the current Ritschlian theology, pronouncing its foundation "anti-scientific and anti-rational to the core." The argument for theism has gained cogency from the labor spent upon it during the past generation. Deism, as Dr. Flint says, has been displaced, and theism has been enriched with what is true in pantheism. Nevertheless, agnosticism in one form or another will long keep in the field, so numerous are the points that supply it with opportunity, all speculative thought being concerned with ideas that are involved in the idea of God.

Albrecht Dürer. By Lina Eckenstein. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 261 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Children's First Story Book (The). By May H. Wood. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 80 pages. 25c.

Colonel Washington. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. Published from the Income of the Francis G. Butler Publication Fund of Western Reserve University, 1902. 5×7½ in. 58 pages.

Civilization in Congoland: A Story of International Wrong-Doing. By H. R. Fox Bourne. P. S. King & Son, Westminster, S. W. London. 5¼×8½ in. 311 pages.

In his introductory note to this volume Sir Charles Dilke says that the Congo State, as at present constituted, is in a worse condition than Portugal itself would have maintained. This condition has been brought about by Belgian inhumanity towards the natives; and the aim of Mr. Fox Bourne's book is to direct public attention to the scandals and offenses in the Congo State against which the Aborigines Protective Association (of which Mr. Fox Bourne is Secretary) has been protesting. The book includes not only an appallingly long list of outrages which are no longer denied, but also an account of the Congolese from the earliest time to the advent of the Portuguese, a discussion of the slave trade, and a description of Sir Henry Stanley's explorations and the development of the plans of King Leopold of Belgium, culminating in the Anglo-Portuguese treaty of 1884, the intervention by the United States Government, the Berlin and Brussels Conferences.

Continuous Power the Natural Result of Converting Heat into Work, in an Insulated Expansion Engine, at Temperatures Below the Normal of the Atmosphere. By J. F. Place. Illustrated. (Revised Edition—Tenth Thousand.) The Standard Power Co., New York. 7×9¾ in. 48 pages.

Derby Anniversary Calendar (The): Being the Records of Six Thousand Noteworthy Events, Anniversaries, Birthdays, etc., in American History. Compiled and Edited by George Derby. James T. White & Co., New York. 4×5¼ in. 366 pages. 50c.

Despatches of Field-Marshal The Duke of Wellington: During his Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, and Relating to America. Selected and Arranged by Walter Wood. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 475 pages. $3.50, net.

The editor of these despatches has done his work with credit to himself and with satisfaction to the reader. He has chosen the most interesting passages from the despatches of "our greatest soldier," as he calls the Duke of Wellington. The despatches cover the Duke's campaigns from 1799 to 1815, and cover such widely differing regions as India, Denmark, the Spanish Peninsula, the Low Countries, and France. While the account of Waterloo may attract widest popular interest, the despatches concerning the necessarily rigorous and well-nigh savage discipline of the Peninsular army possess peculiar impressiveness, and incidentally confirm some accounts in Napier's history.

Education of Christ (The): Hillside Reveries. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4½×7 in. 138 pages. $1.

In paper, print, and binding, this seems an ideal little book. The text matches the material incorporation, a text to appeal not only to every religiously and devoutly minded man, but also to every æsthetically and sanely disposed man. The "Impressions of Turkey" showed us that few if any writers could claim a more intimate acquaintance with Asia Minor than can Dr. Ramsay. The present volume well reflects his intimacy with that region and with Palestine. More clearly and insistently than in any other land, the philosophy of history, "the will of God as wrought in the world," is written in the landscape of Palestine, and the rightly educated mind cannot but read it there. The country was a decisive factor in making the people who lived in it; and, thinks Dr. Ramsay, had a notable influence on the mind of Christ. The Child of Nazareth must have drawn inspiration and lessons from the scenes in view of which he grew up to manhood. Speaking of the educational ideals of Christ's day, Dr. Ramsay has an opinion worth quoting. If the Græco-Roman world was decaying and dying from

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the dearth of true educational ideals, among the Hebrews, on the other hand, there was a salutary, invigorating system of natural education. "Only among them was the principle firmly grasped and boldly enunciated that the poor man's son had as much right to be educated up to his true capacity as a rich man's son, and that both alike should be taught to work." It is true that an admirable side of the Greek lay in his grasp of the principle that it was the duty of the State to educate its citizens. But the education provided was, according to our author, narrow in conception, shallow in character, and destitute of a vivifying ideal. As for the Roman system, adds Dr. Ramsay, its one educational aim seems to have been to prevent the mass of the people from thinking too much, and to provide them with abundant amusements.

Electra. By Benito Pérez Galdós. Edited by Otis Gridley Bunnell, M.S. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 185 pages. 70c.

Elements of General Method (The): Based on the Principles of Herbart. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. (New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 331 pages. 90c.

A valuable work, and recognized as such by progressive educators. The relative value of studies, and the engagement of the pupil's mind or "interest," are the topics to which the most space is devoted. One sentence must be quoted: "For moral educative purposes in the training of the young, the history of America, from the early explorations and settlements along the Atlantic coast to the present, has scarcely a parallel in history."

Eschatology. By Rev. C. A. Huntington, Eureka, Cal. Jewett Bros., Eureka, Cal. 7×10 in. 19 pages. Paper bound.

For a Maiden Brave. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss. Illustrated in Colors. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 373 pages. $1.50.

Another story of the American Revolution, certainly a field somewhat overworked of late by novelists. The Long Island campaign in 1778 furnishes most of the historical material, but scenes of interest occur in New York and New Haven. The author has considerable story-weaving talent, but gives us a little too much plot, while his characters incline to sentimentalism and verbosity in their talk.

Frederic Lord Leighton. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 56 pages. $1.

Reserved for later notice.

French Revolution (The). By Thomas Carlyle. In 3 vols. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $9, net.

The important features of this reprint are the introduction and notes furnished by Mr. J. W. Rose, whose "Life of Napoleon the First" is one of the most important contributions to the study of the French Revolution made of recent years, and, indeed, at any time. Mr. Rose is entirely familiar with the section of history covered by Carlyle's picturesque and striking work. In a very interesting introduction he indicates the steps by which Carlyle was led to take up the subject of the Revolution, the books from which he derived the larger part of his material, his attitude towards the Revolution, with a very keen and convincing analysis of those aspects of the great tragedy which appealed to him, and in the delineation of which he showed masterly strength. The introduction is valuable as a criticism of Carlyle's work, bringing out as it does both the strength and weakness of its powerful interpretation. Mr. Rose has supplemented and occasionally corrected Carlyle's narrative with the aid of the most recent knowledge in the form of foot-notes. Taking into account the fact that Carlyle gathered his materials in 1837, when those materials were scanty as compared with the wealth of material at hand to-day, his narrative bears the test of modern investigation astonishingly well; but there are some errors, and those errors Mr. Rose has corrected in his notes, and has brought together for the benefit of the reader a vast amount of information relating to references, historical and otherwise. The three volumes are well printed and tastefully bound, and contain a number of very interesting portraits. It will be remembered that Carlyle placed portraits among the most important historical data.

Greuze. By Harold Armitage. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 60 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Holman Hunt. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¼ in. 64 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Journal of Social Science, containing the Proceedings of the American Association. Number XL. December, 1902. Washington Papers of 1902. Papers Read in the Department of Education, Health, Jurisprudence, and Social Economy, with Stenographic Notes of Debate. Published for the American Social Science Association by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9½ in. 223 pages.

Laundry Manual. By L. Ray Balderston and M. C. Limerick. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) The Avil Printing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 66 pages.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier: Comédie en Quatre Actes. By Émile Augier et Jules Sandeau. Edited by Edwin Carl Roedder, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 144 pages. 40c.

Letters from the East, 1837-1857. Edited by Janet Ross. Illustrated. J. M. Dent & Co., London. 6×9 in. 332 pages. $5, net.

The author of these letters was an English diplomat, administrator, and sportsman in India and elsewhere, and his letters abound in interesting and quite often thrilling accounts of experiences and adventures in Asia Minor, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt. He knew the life of the people of the East intimately, and he saw and relates many really extraordinary incidents. Of another kind of interest is a passage on the very first page of the book. We quote it as adding another to the many curious glimpses of Disraeli's personality:

When I was about twelve, Disraeli, accompanied by Mr. N. Willis, the American author, came from Alexandria to Malta with letters of credit to my father, and presented himself at the office dressed in a silk dressing-gown with a guitar suspended by a broad riband round his neck. My father asked him to dine and to go to the opera afterwards, and we boys were allowed to come down to dessert and to accompany the party to the

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theater Disraeli wore lace ruffles on his shirt-front and his wrist-bands, and his fingers were covered with jeweled rings: so we looked much more at him than at the scene on the stage

Loyal Traitors: A Story of Friendship for the Filipinos. By Raymond L. Bridgman. The James H. West Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 310 pages.

Marianela. By B. P. Galdós. Edited by Edward Gray, A.B. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 264 pages. 90c.

Mediæval French Literature. By Gaston Paris. (The Temple Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 161 pages. 40c.

The careful study of the literature of Old France by M. Gaston Paris—regarded abroad as a standard work on the subject—has now been translated into English and published in a small but excellently printed volume. The erudite professor considers his subject both from its social aspect and its historical values. The work inexcusably lacks an index; when succeeding editions are thus provided, the book should become an extremely valuable volume for students both of French and of comparative literature. The author seems equally at home whether discussing the Merovingian, Carolingian, or Capetian periods, but perhaps his most brilliant description is that of the reign of Louis VIII., when a literary activity was evident more genuinely aristocratic in the best sense than any which preceded or succeeded it. In that notable age the Arthurian romance was written and poetry flourished, whether in epic, romantic, satirical, didactic, or lyric form. In later chapters two comments by the distinguished author should be noted: one is that Philippe de Comines is "justly regarded as the first of modern historians;" the other is that Villon is "the first and perhaps the best of our humorists."

Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule, 712-1764. By Stanley Lane-Poole, M.A., Litt.D., M.R.I.A. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 449 pages. $1.35, net.

Professor Lane-Poole here relates the story of the thousand years from the coming of the Arab to the coming of the Briton. It is more the story of princes than of a people; there is no national development, but a series of conquerors and rulers, among whom tower a few majestic names like Tennyson's Akbar. "One by one they tower and they are gone," and still the people vegetate as torpidly as ever, their destiny a riddle still to prophets. Their story abounds in tragedy, and the best thing that ever befell them is their subjection to British law. The present narrative is vividly told and copiously illustrated.

Modern Plea for Ancient Truths (A). By J. H. Garrison, A.M., LL.D. The Christian Publishing Co., St. Louis. 5×7½ in. 94 pages. 35c.

Naturalist in Indian Seas (A). By A. Alcock, M.B., LL.D., F.R.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 328 pages. $6, net.

This tells the story of a four years' cruise with the British Royal Indian Marine Survey ship Investigator. While part of the volume is intended for the use only of students of marine zoölogy, there are also chapters which give in a popular and non-technical way accounts of the methods of deep-sea sounding, explorations of "the world beneath the waters," deep-sea life, personal adventures in far-away islands and strange coasts—all of which is readable, often entertaining, and sometimes even poetical. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

New Century Bible (The): Vol. II., St. Mark. Edited by S. D. F. Salmond, D.D., F.E.I.S. General Editor, Prof. W. F. Adeney. Oxford University Press (American Branch), New York. 4×6½ in. 377 pages.

It is some time since the last volume of this series appeared on our table. We therefore note that it contains both the Authorized and the Revised Version, and that the annotations on the latter make it a brief and handy sort of commentary for popular use.

Next Step in Evolution (The): The Present Step. By I. K. Funk, D.D., LL.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¾×7 in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

There is much in this little book that reminds one of Henry Drummond—its emphasis upon the unity of the spiritual and the natural world, its imagery drawn from science and from common human experience, its vital rather than scholastic atmosphere. The author presents the coming of Christ into the life, the character, of humanity as the true second coming of Christ, whatever other coming there may be. Appeal is made equally to the reason and the imagination. The book is full of quotable passages: "In a deep sense, as a man thinketh so he is. . . . Answer to prayer is a growth, a building up or down to what you wish." "The children of the inner kingdom never crowd; the more, the more room." This book is a type of that new devotional literature which is the product of a scientific age.

Origin of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong (The). By Franz Brentano. English Translation by Cecil Hague. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 125 pages. $1.50, net.

The lecture thus entitled was originally delivered before the Vienna Law Society. Professor Brentano holds that there is a natural moral law universally and incontestably valid, and that the knowledge of it lies within the range of the human mind. The argument by which he supports this view is so discursive as to fail somewhat in distinctness, and may elude the grasp of many readers.

Our Lord and Master: A Brief Study of the Claims of Jesus Christ. By Rev. Jesse Bowman Young, D.D. Jennings & Pye, New York. 4½×6 in. 99 pages. 25c., net. (Postage, 4c.)

Prophetic Ideas and Ideals: A Series of Short Studies in the Prophetic Literature of the Hebrew People. By W. G. Jordan, B.A., D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.25, net.

Much has been done during the past twenty years for the recovery to modern appreciation and use of a formerly much neglected part of the Bible—the discourses of the Hebrew prophets. Much remains to be done, and for that purpose this is a thoughtful and helpful book, written out of full sympathy with the men whose ministry it portrays. More than any "message" of theirs, as Professor Jordan truly says, "is the spirit that they quicken in the devout student, and the atmosphere of fearless faith and courageous hopefulness that

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they kindle about his life." To catch this spirit, to separate it from its temporary and local form, enables the modern preacher to emphasize with them the unity of life, to invest secular things with a sacred interest, to carry religion into business and politics as well as worship. The plan of this work, as carried out in a series of short sketches, is expository rather than critical. Without technical discussions, the prophetic ideas and ideals are exhibited in all their diversity of time, personal character, and local circumstance, as unified by a common spirit, which demands its due expression in modern no less than in ancient time.

Recent European History, 1789-1900. By George Emory Fellows, Ph.D., LL.D. Illustrated. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 459 pages.

Red Miriok (The). By Anna M. Barnes. Illustrated. Shan Folk Lore Stories. By W. C. Griggs, M.D. Illustrated. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 108 pages. 75c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

Representative Art of Our Time, with Original Etchings and Lithographs and Reproductions of Oil and Water-Colour Paintings, Pastels, etc. Edited by Charles Holme. Published by International Studio, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York. 11×15 in. 34 pages. Complete in 8 Parts, each $1, net.

It is interesting to Americans that "The Studio's" New Art Supplement should begin with an article on wood-engraving, which was the medium through which drawings were first presented to the readers of our books and magazines. Charles Hiatt gives a compact history of the development of this art, with particular attention to its modern aspects. He considers the *criblé* method of the fifteenth century; the work of Dürer and Holbein in the sixteenth century; the white-line method of Thomas Bewick in the eighteenth century, and the black-line method as used by Timothy Cole and others of the present school. He mentions especially Paul Colin, the Frenchman, who works like a painter and uses every possible effect to realize his ideal. Mr. Hiatt observes that wood-engraving has been almost entirely supplanted by other reproductive processes, but hopes that among art-lovers it will come to be esteemed for its own sake. The large illustrations, many of which were produced especially for this work, are admirable reproductions of an etching by Edgar Chanine, a monotype in colors by Alfred East, a pastel by E. Aman-Jean, a woodcut by W. O. J. Nieuwenkamp, a tinted chalk drawing by G. Dupuis, and a water-color by Josef Israëls. Each picture is mounted between two sheets of heavy paper, which is the plan most approved by collectors. This work will appear in eight parts, and if the high standard set by the first installment is maintained, the subscribers will have a valuable commentary on the graphic arts of our time, and a beautiful collection of the works of notable artists.

Room with the Little Door (The). By Roland Burnham Molineux. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 263 pages.

Rose and the Sheepskin (The). By Josephine Gordian Daley. William H. Young & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 389 pages. $1.

Scientific Side-Lights. Compiled by James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 917 pages. $5, net.

One reason for the publication of this curious and interesting collection may have been to help out possibly lazy persons and lecturers. Its forty thousand indexed topics certainly make all matters contained in the volume very accessible; and should make the work of a public speaker rather easy so far as second-hand illustration is concerned. The best public speakers, however, have long discovered that the most effective illustration is first hand—that which comes exclusively from personal experience. Most of the material in this volume consists of excerpts from scientific books; the work impresses the casual reader as a kind of scientific causerie—as if the company of acknowledged authorities were talking familiarly among themselves, each one mentioning a few of the most interesting discoveries and extensions of knowledge in his own department of science. Such authorities are, for instance, Darwin, Haeckel, Huxley, Langley, Lyell, Pasteur, Tyndall, Wundt, Agassiz, Dana, Humboldt, Newcomb—to quote at random. Another feature is found in the fact that each extract is a direct quotation from the author named; the book is in no sense a digest or summary. Finally, a third feature lies in the opportunity offered to follow up a particular subject, as to each selection are appended not only the names of author, book, and publisher, but also of volume, chapter, and date of publication.

Soltaire: A Romance of the Willey Slide and the White Mountains. By George Franklin Willey. Illustrated. The New Hampshire Publishing Corporation, Manchester, N. H. 5×7½ in. 143 pages.

Studies in Zoölogy: An Introduction to the Study of Animals for Secondary Schools and Academies. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 232 pages. 75c.

Ten Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. A Revised and Enlarged Edition of "7,000 Words Often Mispronounced," with a Supplement of 3,000 Additional Words. Including an Unusually Large Number of Proper Names and Words and Phrases from Foreign Languages. By William Henry P. Phyfe. (Fifty-ninth Thousand.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×6½ in. 660 pages. $1, net.

With this book the title tells the story. In many cases, where the dictionaries differ, several are quoted by name. The volume is extremely convenient and useful, and is now widely accepted as an excellent reference-book.

Westward Ho. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. (The Temple Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. In 2 vols. 50c. each.

An acceptable addition to the admirable "Temple Classics." "Westward Ho" is truly a classic in that it has kept its vitality and flavor and virility as few books do.

Works of Jane Austen (The). Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. The Macmillan Co., New York. In 5 vols. 4½×7 in. 80c. per vol.

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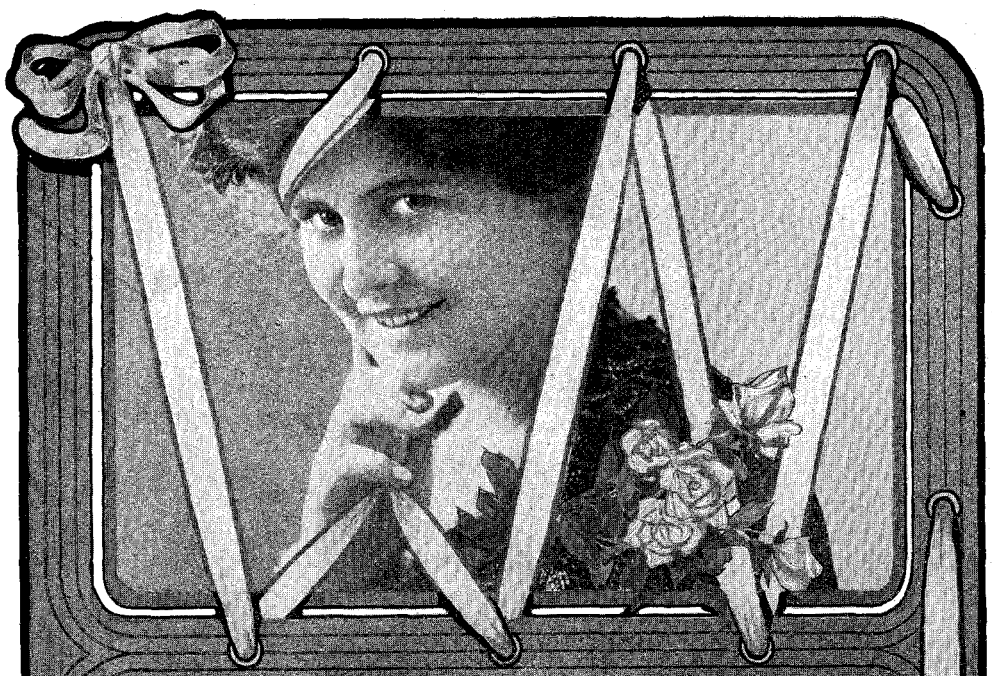

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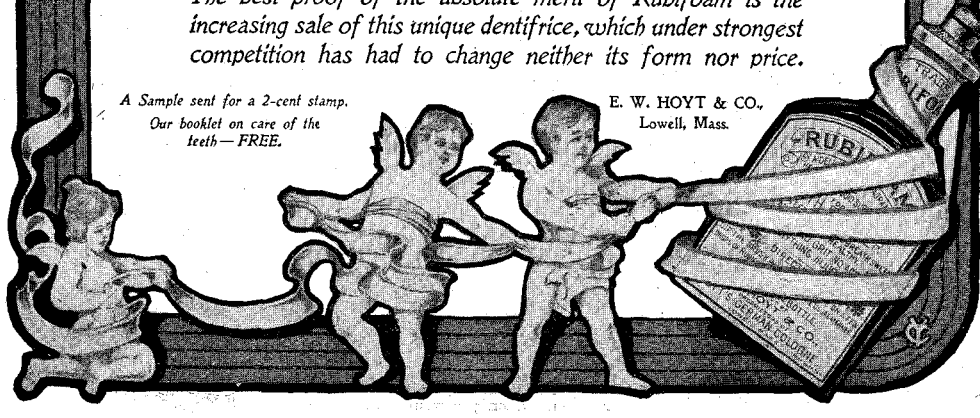

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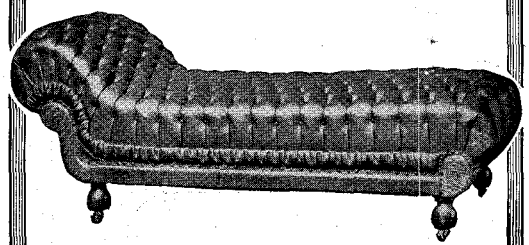

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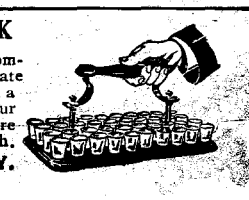

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How a Big Chicago Firm Solved It

So many employes "bolt the lunch" and eat what they ıould not, that they soon show the effect in nervousness and ysspepsia. This has attracted the attention of managers of ıe big stores and shops. In one Chicago firm an experiment ı some of the girls resu.ted in a complete solution of the ıestion.

The woman that made the experiment tells the tale as fol-ws: "About a year ago I became alarmed at the state of my ıughter's health. She was employed by a big firm here and ır some reason steadily lost flesh, grew very nervous, had no ıpetite, and could not s eep.

"Questioning her I found she ate but little lunch, for at that ısy hour she was seldom served promptly, and the time being ıort she just 'bolted' the food and rushed back. She ate very ·ht breakfasts, and I cou.d see she suffered from lack of ɔurishment. I felt responsible for this, and finally got her ɔme Grape-Nuts for breakfast.

"I also got a neat leather case holding two pint flasks. One filled with milk, the other with cold Postum Coffee which d been properly made. She also carried a package of Grape-uts. The Postum she drank iced with a dash of lemon. She llowed the Grape-Nuts with some fruit and this made up r lunch.

"In spite of the warm weather she improved greatly in two ceks' time. She gained in flesh, her nerves were steady, and ıe slept sweetly at night. She never felt the old weakness om hunger.

'In a short time a few other girls in the office tried it and e effect was so marked upon all that still others were per-aded. Finally a room was cleared out and the one hundred ıd odd girls were served daily with Grape-Nuts and hot ostum. It was a revolution, but the manager saw the good sult and adopted the plan, greatly to the benefit of the health the employes and at a saving in expense." Name given by ɔstum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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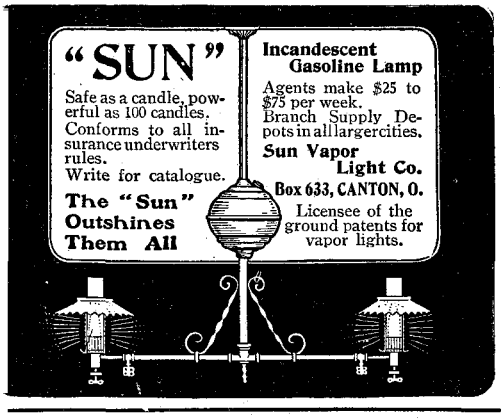
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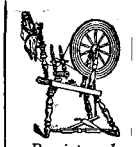

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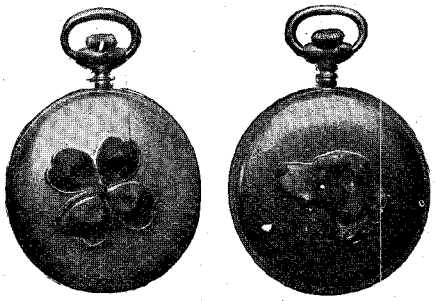

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